

Vol 6

LETTERS
FROM
LORD RIVERS
TO
SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c.

VOL. II.

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LETTERS

FROM

LORD AYLES

SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN &c

Vol. II.

LETTERS

FROM

LORD RIVERS

TO

SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN,

AND TO OTHER

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENTS,

While he resided in FRANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH OF

MADAME RICCOBONI,

By PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

"O! AMARISSIME DOLCEZZE D'AMORE!"

GUARINI.

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Osnaburgh, Prince William, and Prince Edward.

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L E T T E R S

FROM

L O R D R I V E R

TO

SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN

AND TO ORDER

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE

While he resided in France

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY



M A D A M R I V E R

BY PERCIVAL STOCKSALL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

OF A M A R I T I M E D I C T I O N A R Y

OF THE

L O N D O N

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FROM

LORD RIVERS

TO

SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c.

LETTER XXV.

LORD RIVERS TO LADY CARDIGAN.

I SHOULD not easily have conjectured the Aim of your two last Letters, my dear Lady Cardigan, if, during my short Residence of two Months in this Country, I could have forgotten that you used often to amuse yourself by tormenting *me*. I have long suffered you thus

2 LETTERS FROM LORD RIVERS

to amuse yourself; and perhaps I might now give you Leave to repeat your Entertainment, did I not see too much Cruelty couched under your mysterious Expressions. You will excuse me if I enter not into the Labyrinth in which you would lead me astray.

Excuse the Favour I begged of Sir Charles; and, as a tacit, but grateful Acknowledgement for your Forgiveness, I will not tell you how little Ground you had for your Reproaches. You once proposed to give me the History of a Lady's Affections, whose Hand and Heart you informed me that I might obtain. As I was not interested in the Warmth, or Direction of her Sentiments, I never thought of desiring you to transmit me the Narrative; and you were highly offended with me for that Omission. I requested Sir Charles to prevail with you to communicate the Attachment of another Lady's Heart; a Secret which I was desirous to know for her own Advantage. You up-
braid

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 3

braid me too, for this honest Curiosity. You treat it as an unpardonable Indiscretion; as the Characteristick of an illiberal Mind.

I shall not attempt to vindicate myself from this Charge; lest you add my Justification to the List of my Crimes. I shall always allow that my amiable Cousin is in the Right. If you think Miss Rutland's Plan a prudent one, I approve it with all my Heart. If her Conduct is honoured with *your* Sanction, it shall have *my* Praise. If I have mortified Her, it was certainly against my Intention. If I have incurred her Displeasure, I must bear it with Patience. Should my unpremeditated Offences excite her warm, and active Resentment, even *that* I shall suffer with Regret, and with Respect. If I find her Animosity implacable, she will then become an Object of my Pity: for an inexorable Temper is a very great Misfortune: It generally, and justly makes the Person by whom it is en-

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tertained, more miserable than those on whom it is exerted. As to the Impossibility of asking my Consent, you have anticipated my Answer to that Article; and I have Nothing more to say.

Sir George Ridley leaves France towards the End of this Month; and he will take the Charge of your Books, and of the sentimental History which I promised you. If you expect to find it fraught with marvellous Adventures, you will find it uninteresting, and tedious. It is written with *my* Hand; but you are too conversant with French Books, to suppose that I am its Authour. The Narrative was the Production of a Relation of Madame de Belosane; and I copied it by his Permission. Therefore if you are tired in perusing it, impute not your Disappointment to *my* literary Dulness.

I am told that the unfortunate Sir Edmond has just quitted London. They say
he

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he is low, melancholy; nay, in a very bad State of Health. I feel the tenderest Compassion for his affecting Situation. For I thank Heaven, *I am by no Means unwilling to associate with an unhappy Lover.* But whenever he becomes the *Object of my Aversion*, I shall shudder at the horrible Change in my Nature: I shall conclude that I am sinking from the *Man*, and degenerating into the *Savage*.

B 3

RE-

6 **LETTERS FROM LORD RIVERS**

**REMARKABLE EVENTS IN THE LIVES OF
THE MARCHIONESS OF CHAZELE, AND
THE COUNTESS OF BELOSANE.**

ELIZABETH de Layrac, and Claire de Parthenai were educated in the same Abbey, and were united in Friendship from their tender Years. Their Minds were differently characterized by Nature. Parthenai was lively, gay, fond of Amusement. Her Companion was distinguished by Sensibility, and a pleasing Melancholy: Consequently she devoted many of her Hours to Solitude, and Contemplation. Nature had bestowed on both the Advantages of personal Charms; and they were both loved in the Convent, where they both enjoyed that Peace of Mind, and those innocent Pleasures with
which

which our early Youth is blest, without being sensible of its happy Situation:

As Parthenaï had but a small Fortune, an old female Relation, to whose Care she had been entrusted, determined to sacrifice her *real Interest* to the delusive Tyrants, Pomp, and Power. The Marquis of Chazele, far advanced in Years, of a singular Character, but rich, and liberal, purchased, on very high Terms, a legal Right to deprive Society of this amiable young Lady, and to shut her up in a Castle in the Neighbourhood of Nantz. To that Castle he had long intended to retire: And his Marriage determined him to execute his Intention. Madame de Chazele, in a Month after her unnatural, and melancholy Union, accompanied her Husband to his large, and solitary Mansion; not without the severest Feelings on her Separation from her Friend. By Time, and Reason, she was, in some Degree, reconciled to her Destiny; which her natural Gaiety likewise enabled her to bear with Patience, and Decorum.

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External Objects promised to Mademoiselle de Layrac a more happy Fate. As she was Heiress to the Estate of her Family, her Self-Love was flattered with the Addresses of those who are most respected by the World. But it is not; it *cannot* be the Property of Wealth, actually to confer that Happiness which it seems to hold forth:—nay, it often removes us farther from those Pleasures, of which, by its infatuating Influence on the Fancy, it promised us the complete, and the durable Enjoyment.

The Seat of the Count de Grancé was near to that of Mr. de Layrac. Between the two Families there was a most friendly, and intimate Connexion. The Chevalier de Grancé, after a Residence of three Years in Malta, arrived at his Father's House, and the Daughter of the Marchioness of Layrac, from the Abbey of Montmartre, at her Mother's, on the same Day. This agreeable, this benevolent Caprice of Fortune created a little Festival, which was jointly

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 9

jointly celebrated by the two Families. They, whose Return occasioned this convivial, and affectionate Joy, participated it with the liveliest Emotions. Their Hearts were prepared for soft Impressions by the Pleasure of feeling how dear they were to their Friends;—they surveyed the Persons; they observed the Manner; they caught the Looks of each other with an Anxiety, with a tremulous Pleasure, which they had never experienced before. This was the opening of their Souls to Love; whose first Agitations are so strongly felt, and so rapturously delightful.

In young Grancé were united a most agreeable Person, a most engaging Aspect; extensive Knowledge, and manly Wit. He was prudent in his Conduct; he was modest in Conversation; consequently he did not talk much; but what he said was accurate, and fine Sense, adorned with a noble Simplicity of Language. An Air of Candour and Goodness announced the

Gentleness of his Character: His Manners were graceful, and elegantly condescending: He seemed the only Person unacquainted with the many Talents he possessed. He was disconcerted, he blushed when he received the least Praise: It occasioned in him that laudable Embarrassment which is the Effect of an humble Estimation of our own Merit.

If the Chevalier de Grancé was at first stolen from himself, or instantaneously captivated by the too powerful Charms of Mademoiselle de Layrac, he soon began to reflect on that Attention, on that Ardour which demonstrated her Empire over his Soul. He was determined, by his Reflections, to check his Flame. He was a younger Brother; he was destined to the Order of Malta, should he then be assiduous to please; to inspire a painful Passion? The Consciousness of his Situation represented his Desire to be loved. His Integrity would not permit him to destroy the Peace of

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of Mademoiselle de Layrac; to embitter
her Life with the Torment of fond, and
vain Wishes; with the Agony of hope-
less Love.

The Imagination of the young Lady
was seduced by very different Ideas, that
gave Warmth to a Passion, which she did
not think it her Duty to restrain. As she
had concluded that her leaving of the
Abbey, was, in her Mother's Plan, pre-
vious to her Marriage, Mr. de Grancé en-
grossed her Mind. The Reception he met
with at the Hotel de Layrac; his Birth; his
amiable and great Qualities; the Intimacy
of their Families; the Liberty which he was
allowed, to converse with her;—all these
Circumstances brought her into a danger-
ous Errour. She was unacquainted with
the despicable, with the selfish, with the
immoral Motives which determine the ma-
trimonial Choice of Parents for their Chil-
dren; she knew not how seldom that
Choice is decided by Genius, or by Virtue.

Madame de Layrac had already intended that she should marry the Count de Belosane, the Nephew of a rich, and powerful Minister. Mademoiselle de Layrac, six Months after her Return home, was told, that she must prepare for the Change of her Situation in Life. The Count was recalled from a Province where the Regiment which he commanded, lay. Before his Arrival, the Marriage Articles were drawn; and the two young Persons, whose Happiness was most interested in their Tenour, were totally ignorant that they were framed, till their Signatures were required, by which those Articles would take the Appearance of a voluntary Engagement, preparative to the Sacrifice of the Victims, at the *Altar*; who were, *there*, to make Vows, to which the Hearts of Both would probably give the Lye.

It is impossible to express the Surprise, and the Shock with which the young Lady was alarmed and agitated, when she was informed of an Arrangement so hostile

to:

to her Heart. She neither had Time to elude this iniquitous Negotiation; nor would she have been permitted to deprecate her unexpected and approaching Marriage. What Objections could she have made to the arbitrary Injunction? Too modest to confess her first, and tender Attachment; too timid to resist the Commands of those whom she had been accustomed implicitly to obey; she found herself under the cruel Necessity of submitting to their injudicious and oppressive Will; of sacrificing her most blooming Hopes, her liveliest Anticipations of Happiness, to parental Tyranny.

The Chevalier de Grancé, who had earlier Intelligence of the matrimonial Scheme, urged a Pretext for quitting Paris before the Signature of the fatal Contract. When he took Leave of Madame de Layrac, she was dressing; and her Daughter stood by the Toilet. His sudden Departure gave the cruellest Wound to her Heart which it had yet received. The Marchioness went
for

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for a Minute into an adjacent Room:—
 Mademoiselle de Layrac, pale, spiritless,
 hesitating, could only utter, with a tremu-
 lous, and faltering Voice—*and are you then*
going?—Young Grancé, at least equally
 agitated, asked her Commands; and with
 Difficulty pronounced, *Adieu!* The strong
 Emotion, the Tumult of his Soul aug-
 mented the Pain that tore the young Lady's
 Breast. Their Eyes were, a while, fixed
 on each other with all the Energy of Sen-
 timent: And the Eloquence of their Looks
 was enforced by the Sympathy of Tears.
 By these Proofs of a mutual and tender
 Attachment they first avowed their Love.

The Splendour with which the young
 Countess of Belosane was environed, could
 not efface from her Heart the dearer Image
 of modest, and true Felicity. The Rank
 of the Family to which she was now allied,
 raised not in her virtuous Mind one Emo-
 tion of Pride. She was impelled by the
 Goodness of her Nature, and she was deter-
 mined by the Excellence of her Understand-
 ing

ing to derive from her Power the noblest Pleasures that human Nature is capable of enjoying. She consoled and relieved the Distrest;—she encouraged and supported Merit; which is too often precluded from effectual Patronage; partly by its own Modesty or Spirit; and partly by those external and artificial Barriers which prevent an Intercourse between Genius, and the Great.

Madame de Belosane, whose Mind was strengthened with the most generous Principles, endeavoured to extinguish a Passion which yet retained too great a Force. She reproached herself for suffering that Passion still to exist, when she should have transferred her Affections to another Object. But the more she endeavoured to forget Mr. de Grancé, the more strongly were those engaging Qualities which had won her Love, pictured to her Mind; and the more poignant was her Regret that she was the Companion of a Man who was
only

only distinguished by his Rank and Fortune.

The Person, and the Features of the Count de Belosane had nothing striking; nor disagreeable. He had a Passion for Magnificence; he was profuse in his Expences, to raise an Admiration of his Liberality and Taste. He had a masterly Talent at planning an Entertainment, or other Scenes of Dissipation; and he was not a little vain of this respectable Genius. Frivolous Cares, and frivolous Pursuits engaged him in a Variety of trifling Business; and allowed him no Time to be employed with important Objects. As his Heart was not susceptible of Pity, he never did a good Office but by repeated Intreaties: And though Distress might sometimes extort his Relief, it never excited his Compassion, nor his humane and manly Reflexions.

He seemed at first in some Degree charmed with the Beauty of the Countess.

As

As his Self-Love was flattered by seeing his Lady universally admired, and hearing her Possessor pronounced happy, He, for awhile, took a Pleasure in accompanying her to Places of publick Resort. But while he paid this Homage to the Graces of her Person, he was insensible to the superior Charms of her Heart, and Mind. As Madame de Belosane discovered no attractive Properties in *Him*, he gained neither her Love, nor her Respect. She behaved to him in publick as her Relation to him demanded: Her Conversation with him in private was uninteresting and reserved. He was as little affected by her Coldness as he was by her Merit. An equal Indifference, little Familiarity, and a mutual Politeness, made their Intercourse very insipid, but very quiet. Three Months after their Marriage they began to form their different Societies. They neither sought nor avoided, one another; they met without Pleasure or Pain: And during many Years, between these Persons of very dif-

different Characters, there arose not an Object of Complaint.

Madame de Chazele, from the Time of her Marriage, corresponded punctually with her Friend. This affectionate Intercourse brightened the Gloom of Solitude. The former, who well knew the secret Attackment of Madame de Belosane, sympathized with all her Pains, used the strongest Arguments to remove her tender Affliction, which gave a plaintive Turn to all her Letters; and was deeply grieved to find that an Affection destructive to her Peace, was become the habitual Sentiment of her Heart.

Madame de Belosane was for two Years under the Pressure of Melancholy. Time, and Dissipation wrought their usual Effects on her Mind. But as new Objects can never efface real, and durable Love, she always retained a tender Remembrance of Mr. de Grancé. If she sometimes lost his Image in the Scenes of Amusement to
which

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which People of her Age and Fortune give much of their Time, she was pleased to find it restored to her in her Hours of Retirement. In those Hours he engrossed all her finer Faculties;—her Memory recollected with Accuracy, and her Imagination painted, and described with Rapture, his graceful Person, his animated Aspect, his harmonious, and interesting Conversation:—While she was intent on this charming Object, her Sentiments, and Emotions, were, at once, painful and delightful: Sentiments, and Emotions, which, though they are despised, or unknown by the Vulgar of the human Race, are, by susceptible, and elegant Souls, classed with their sublimest Pleasures.

Five Years elapsed; and the Impression in the Heart of Madame de Belosane was yet the same. An Accident that essentially changed the Situation of Madame de Chazele, was the first Event that turned the Attention of her Friend from its favourite Object. In Consequence of that Accident it
was

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was probable that two Friends would be re-united, who had long mutually regretted their Separation. While some Account of the Marquis of Chazele was impatiently expected by his Friends, they received the melancholy News of his Death just when the Count of Belozane was going to join the Army on the Banks of the Rhine. He was extremely affected when he bade his Lady Adieu; whether from a Presentiment of Fate; or from his Consciousness that she highly deserved his Love; a Consciousness, which, when he was about to leave her, actuated his Mind with extraordinary Force. The Countess was equally moved at the Sight of his Emotion, and by her Anticipation of the Dangers to which he would be exposed in War. She repeatedly, and most tenderly embraced him; and begged his Permission to pass the Time of his Absence at Chazele. He readily complied with her Request; and two Days after his Departure, Madame de Belosane set out for Nantz.

Her

Her delicate Imagination indulged the Idea of surprizing her Friend, and of giving her a Proof of her Ardour to rejoin her, by their unexpected Meeting. When those two Ladies embraced each other, they felt that pure, and lively Joy, which brightens the human Mind, when it recovers an inestimable Object which it had lost for a long Time, and from the Privation of which it had suffered extreme Pain. Each remarked that the other had grown in Stature, had gained more Symmetry of Form, was completely amiable. They congratulated one another with a most sincere, and friendly Pleasure, on the Improvement of their personal Charms; on the Maturity of their Minds; and on the Enlargement of their Knowledge.

While Madame de Belosane enjoyed the Pleasures of Friendship, admired the Beauties of Nature, which were invigorated, and animated by the Spring; while she sensibly felt the Charms of Quiet, Innocence, and Simplicity, which are inspired,

spired, and encouraged by the Country;—
—She escaped, by her Residence at Chazelle, an alarming and dangerous Surprise, from the Sight of an Object that would have banished from her Breast all its peaceful, and soothing Imagery, and substituted in its Place, tumultuous, and painful Ideas.

Just when she was leaving Paris, the Chevalier de Grancé returned thither from the most noble Motives. Of his five Years Absence from that Capital, he had devoted two to Travel; and the remaining three he had passed alternately at Malta, and on board of the Ships of his Religion. He had gained many Victories; and had taken many Prizes. His Fame was now so great, that he was highly esteemed by the Order, who were afraid of losing him for ever, if he quitted Malta. They, therefore, pressed him to take his Vows; and the Grand Master strengthened *his* Intreaties, by appointing him to a Command, of which he had the immediate Disposal.

Mr.

Mr. de Grancé could not have the least Aversion from Obligations, to which he had long determined that his Life should be devoted. He was preparing to gratify the Wishes of the Grand Master, when the Declaration of War checked his Design; kindled in his Breast that that Love of his Country, that Zeal, generous Ardour, of which the French Nobility give such eminent Proofs to their Sovereign on every publick Emergency. No private Advantage could detain him at Malta, when he felt it his Duty to participate the Dangers, and the Glory of his Countrymen. He embarked with the utmost Expedition; landed at Marseilles; and went thence to Paris, that he might have the Pleasure of paying his Duty to his Father. He stayed there ten Days; joined the Army before the Opening of the Campaign; and entered a Volunteer into a Regiment of Foot which was commanded by his elder Brother.

The Letters which Madame de Belosane received from her Correspondents, mentioned,

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tioned, among other Particulars, young Grancé's Visit at Paris, and his Departure for Germany. As she was reading her Letters to her Friend, the Marchioness observed that she pronounced the Name of Grancé with Tremour and Agitation. She was surprized at this Distress; and with an earnest Look addressing herself to Madame de Belosane—What, said she; are you yet so strongly influenced by a Sentiment, which you ought to have effaced from your Heart, from every prudent and moral Consideration?—Yes, replied ingenuously, Madame de Belosane;—my Heart palpitates at the mere Idea of his Return. What, then must have been my Feelings if I had seen him; if I had had the Pleasure, and the Pain of an Interview, from which I was prohibited by the Caprice, or by the Kindness of Chance!

I must be very frank with you, replied Madame de Chazele; so strange a Constancy appears to me romantick. I will take the Liberty to add, that it is whimsical,

cal, and totally absurd. By Absence; by Time; and by your own rational, and sensible Reflexions, you certainly might have extinguished this hopeless Passion. You must give me Leave to be satisfied that you might have forgotten Mr. de Grancé, if you had chosen an Oblivion that would have been propitious to your Tranquillity.

I know not, answered Madame de Belosane, that it is possible to forget. How can we turn our Mind from an Object which is worthy to fix its Attention;—from an Object to which our Souls forcibly tend by Inclination, and by Habit?—From an Object in which we have long centered all our Ideas; all our Hopes? After many vain Efforts; after many painful Conflicts; I no longer combated, nor regretted an Attachment, which I did not find at all injurious to my good Principles. Nay, I am convinced that to the Constancy of this Attachment, whether you chuse to call

it singular, or chimerical, I owe the Facility with which I have fulfilled those important Obligations, which, from the Character of Mr. de Belofane; from the little Pleasure his Society afforded me; and from the Example of many Women of my Rank, I might have thought less respectable, or more severe. By the over-ruling Power of this refined, and sentimental Passion, I have been impassive to the Attractions of all Men but one; it has guarded me from the Snares of Seduction; from the Dangers to which I should have been exposed by the Susceptibility of my Frame. A Desire to preserve the Esteem of Mr. de Grancé has guided me in all my Conduct; to ensure *his* Respect, I have been ambitious to merit publick Reputation. My Fancy has been long accustomed to establish *Him*, the private, but sovereign Judge of my Sentiments, and Actions: I have always thought myself under his Eye. I should have been ashamed—I should blush at this very Moment, on the Con-

sciousness

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sciousness of one Act which he might not have witnessed, and approved.

I must own, said the Marchioness, you have brought very specious Topicks to reconcile your Passion with your Virtue. But if, while Grancé is distant from you, I allow your Love to be consistent with Decorum; if I even allow it to be a noble Flame; should He return to Paris; and should you again converse with him, would it not be dangerous for you to indulge your Attachment? I am unacquainted with Love, and with its Effects. But if I may credit the long and minute Narratives recited to me by Mr. de Chazele, our Sex, my Dear, is very frail; and our surest Defence is, to expell from the *Heart* those tender Sentiments, which, with too great a Confidence in your Fortitude, you suffer *yours* to entertain.

Though the resolution of most Women is flexible, (replied Madame de Belosane)

if I have any Knowledge of myself, I am almost certain that I have no Reason to fear mine. Yet I will avoid the Sight of the Chevalier de Grancé: I am sensible it would give me Pain: And if you pass the Winter at Chazele, I will, during that Season, with Mr. de Belosane's Permission, enjoy the Sweets of Friendship in your Retirement. The Marchioness applauded, and thanked her for her Determination: But while they were concerting Measures for its Completion, their Scheme was defeated by Fortune.

The Approach of the Armies to each other announced a decisive Event. The Expectation of a Battle produced the most anxious Alarm in those Families which were doubly interested in the Fortune of France. The *Letters* which arrived from the Seat of War were opened with trembling Hands: Two Couriers had reached Paris; but no Letters were received by Madame de Belosane. This apparent Delay was occasioned by the humane Attention

tion of the Marquis de Layrac. The Letters which were addressed to his Daughter, he inclosed in a Cover to Madame de Chazele; whom he desired to give them to her Friend, at a Time when she thought her Mind was prepared for the most disagreeable Intelligence.

The Packet contained the Particulars of an unfortunate Day. Madame de Chazele was deeply affected for her Country: Her Heart sympathized with the Relations and Friends of those Warriors who composed the fatal List of the Slain; at the Head of which List were the Names of the Count of Belosane, and of the two elder Brothers of the House of Grancé. After having read it often, to be certain that the Chevalier was not in the Number of the Dead, she discharged, with less Pain, the melancholy Commission with which she was entrusted.

The Grief of Madame de Belosane for the Count, was not excited by any lively

Sentiment; by any personal Interest. Yet from the Emotions of natural Compassion; from that Species of Affection which is created by a long, and intimate Acquaintance; and from a Respect for those sacred Obligations, which (though we often with Indifference, nay, with Aversion, engage to fulfill them) contract, and retain a considerable Force with generous Minds—from the Impulse of these Objects she shed the Tears of real Sorrow for a Man cut off in the Flower of Life;—for a Man who was so fortunate in the Opinion of the World, and in his own. She recollected his Melancholy at their Parting; she recollected his last Words;—her Grief was augmented by her Persuasion that he then foresaw his impending Fate.

The Summer was gone; the Winter was far advanced: Yet Madame de Belosane expressed not a Desire to revisit Paris. Mr. de Grancé was now in that Capital. He succeeded one of his Brothers in the Command of a Regiment: He was now the Chief
of

of his Family; and enabled, by his Change of Fortune, to pass the rest of his Life in France. He was often mentioned, with high Encomiums in the Letters of the Marquis of Layrac to his Daughter; who read them to her Friend, without ever making any Comments on the Praise which was given him by her Father. She was even particularly reserved, or silent, when He was the Subject of Conversation.

You either do not give me your entire Confidence, (said the Marchioness of Chazele) or you are a Woman of a very singular Character. Since the Death of a Husband whom you did not love, I have observed that you are melancholy. That Event should, to a certain Degree, have affected your Heart; but it should not have given it a deep Wound. You have not felt from it any material Privation. You are now Mistress of yourself; you may now indulge the brightest Hopes; and do you now cease to wish for that Happiness, which gave you so much Pain,

when you could only form it in Fancy; when it was absolutely unattainable?— Have you most unfortunately lost your Sensibility, just when you have recovered the glorious Privilege to love? Was it a Certainty that you could never be happy that preserved your tender Passion? And was your insuperable Constancy rather an Effect of the Caprice of your Imagination, than of a strong, and ardent Attachment?

I am satisfied, replied Madame de Belosane, that I have been always the same. But the Event that seems to approximate Mr. de Grancé and me, presents not Futurity to me in the same Light in which it is viewed by *you*. I have been long accustomed to think of him, without sanguine Hopes; without Schemes of established Happiness. A tender Melancholy wounds, and depresses my Heart, whenever his Image arises there; and I fear my Dejection, and my Sighs will never be succeeded by more pleasurable Sentiments, and Sensations.

What,

What, cried the Marchioness, do not you wish to see Mr. de Grancé: Are not you impatient to know whether he loves you still? Alas! replied the Countess; am I sure that he ever loved me? When our Acquaintance was formed, I was very young; and consequently very ingenuous. The Pleasure which his Company afforded me I had not Art enough to conceal. And thus I flattered his Vanity; perhaps without impressing his Heart. His Looks, indeed, conveyed the greatest Tenderness to my Soul: But his Words never confirmed the Sentiments which his *Eyes* expressed; and perhaps I mistook *their* Language. But suppose he then completely returned my Affection; Time, and Absence, I fear, have, since, effaced me from his Remembrance.

Indeed, said the Marchioness with a Smile, you are very ingenious in throwing a Gloom over your most luminous Prospects. Were I in your Situation, I should encourage the pleasing Thought that my

Sentiments, and those of the Object of my Affection were congenial:—And I should infer his Constancy from my own.

That Inference, answered Madame de Belosane, would be rather precipitate. Besides, I have Reason to apprehend that Mr. de Grancé and I are of very different Dispositions. When my Mother, and I were once enumerating the estimable, and amiable Qualities which had procured him so many Friends, she charged him with one considerable Defect. I then payed little Attention to her Censure; but I have since revolved it with Anxiety, and Distress. She observed that his Taste was capricious, and transitory. Before his Departure for Malta, said she, he was pleased, he was delighted with every Thing around him: But the Attraction of Novelty yielded to the Charms of succeeding Objects; which were, in their Turn, soon obliterated from his Mind by others.

Madame

Madame de Chazele was rallying her Friend on the Remarks of her Mother, when a Servant came to inform the Countess that an Express had just arrived from the Marquis of Layrac. She ran to the Messenger with Impatience. He brought her very disagreeable Intelligence. The Marchioness was dangerously ill; and desired to see her Daughter without Delay. Madame de Belosane prepared immediately for her Journey. Her Friend had yet Business at Chazele which would not permit her to leave it before the Expiration of a Month. When that Time was elapsed, they agreed to meet in Paris, and to live together at the Hotel de Layrac, till they could find a House that would accommodate them both.

Madame de Belosane, on her Arrival in Paris, had the Consolation to find her Mother out of Danger. Mr. de Grancé was then at Fontainebleau. His Father, who was inconsolable for the Loss of his two

Sons, spent a Part of almost every Day at the Hotel de Layrac, where he shed his Grief on the Bosom of Sympathy. His Friends joined with him in unfeignedly lamenting the Death of those brave young Men, whom they themselves had most affectionately loved.

The Marquis de Grancé, immediately on his Return from Fontainebleau, went to congratulate Madame de Layrac on her Recovery. As soon as he entered the Apartment of the old Marchioness, the Countess, who was reading to her Mother, was as much surprized, and agitated, as if she could not have expected to see Him there. While she viewed the Objects around her, her Confusion was augmented. In this very Room, said her throbbing Heart, he bade me Farewell, in broken Accents;—in this very Room his Tears, and mine flowed at the same tender Moment. Has he since preserved a lively Remembrance of that affecting Crisis;—
has

has he often revolved it with all that Sensibility with which it was distinguished ;— or has it been sometimes accidentally, and slightly shown to his Mind, merely by cold, and uninteresting Memory?

Mr. de Grancé, who had been inform'd of the Countess's Return, betrayed not the least Confusion when he saw her at her Mother's. He neither seemed to be moved, nor embarrassed with her Presence. The Compliments of Condoleance, which were naturally reciprocal on that Occasion, gave a severe Gravity, a Solemnity to their Interview. The Countess durst hardly raise her Eyes to meet his Looks ;—and least he should perceive the Agitation that she felt in his Company, she refused, for many Days, to receive his private Visits.

Yet the whole Behaviour of the Lady authorized the Marquis to renew their frank, and friendly Conversation. But far from taking any Advantage of their former Intimacy, he never mentioned it in
their

their Interviews. His Behaviour to the Countess was that of a Stranger whom she had just admitted into her Society. His profound Respect, his delicate Attention, showed rather an Ambition to gain her Esteem, than a Remembrance that he had once been its Object. From this mysterious Conduct, Madame de Belosane began to doubt whether she had ever been loved by Mr. de Grancé.

How are we seduced, and wildly led astray by our Imagination! (wrote she to her Friend) How have I been betrayed by my Self-Love, and by my too vulnerable Heart! I dreaded the Return of a Man whose Presence would have been less injurious to me than the Errour into which I have been led during his Absence, by my own delusive Ideas; I never possessed the Heart of Mr. de Grancé:—He was not afflicted at my Marriage;—he did not, on that Account, quit France. But why did he shed Tears when he took his Leave of me? What Sentiment could have been the

the Source of those Tears?—I know not: But I am sure they had not the same Origin with mine:—or Something correspondent with them I must have seen in his Behaviour.

The Reserve of the Marquis was misinterpreted by M. de Belosane. He had loved her most sincerely, and ardently; the Impossibility of receiving her Hand had made him unhappy: And in Consequence of their Separation, he was chagrined with Regret, and stung with Grief. But after he had been absent from her for some Months, he did not cherish, and augment like her, an unfortunate Passion: He exerted his utmost Efforts to restore his agitated Mind to a State of Tranquillity; to banish from his Breast those dear, but destructive Images, which give more of acute Pain than of tender Pleasure. Prejudices, not austere, like those by which Women are enslaved—The Habits which are not only venial in Men, but which, in the Eyes of many, give even a false Lustre

to their Characters;—that Range of Liberty which their Sex assumes in all its Latitude—by all these Foes to Solitude, and Care, he was invited to Dissipation; and he willingly accepted her propitious Variety. Women, whose predominant Objects were Gaiety and Pleasure, drew him gradually out of his Captivity. They amused his idle Hours; but they did not affect his Heart: They pleased, yet they could not fix him; they freed him from the Oppression of one durable Passion, without substituting another. In this transient Intercourse with Women of Levity, in which we are told by Men, that *The Heart takes no Part*, a delicate, and sublime Passion grows insensibly languid; and is, at Length, extinguished. Every Infidelity diminishes the Force of the beautiful, and great Sentiment; and profanely decks casual, transitory, and licentious Pleasure, with celestial Ornaments, sacrilegiously torne from Love.

Mr.

Mr. de Grancé, when he returned to France, retained but a faint Idea of his former Passion. But by conversing almost every Day with M. de Belosane, it naturally rekindled. She was now embellished with many new Graces; but a Reserve, which commanded Respect and Awe, had taken Place of that natural Openness, which, when he was first acquainted with her, disclosed all the Movements of her Heart. By her Manner, her Looks, and Conversation, it was evident that she was attentive to oblige: But a noble Pride, an effectual Policy, consistent, at once with Honesty, and with the Art of the Sex, concealed her Desire to please, and to charm. From this guarded Behaviour, Mr. de Grancé, too, began to doubt that *she* had forgotten the Time when her Heart was actuated by a Sensibility to Love.

That Time, however, by Degrees, took Possession of *his* Memory, and Imagination, in all its Force, and Colours. It made him happy to recall that most blooming
Season

Season of his Life; to bring remote, but affecting Circumstances home to his Mind, to picture to himself the Joy that used to glisten in her Eyes whenever he entered her Apartment. His Fancy dwelt with a secret, and unostentatious Triumph, on the Preference, on the Distinctions with which she had always honoured him;—on all the Proofs of her sincere, and innocent Love. And how could he now recollect all this Happiness, and be satisfied with her cold, with her inanimate Esteem, and Respect! Must he not wish to recover his Influence over a feeling, and generous Heart, whose tender Emotions he had *first* excited!

We are, in some Instances, apt to mistake the Resentment of our wounded Vanity for a real Affection. By such a Mistake Mr. de Grancé was, in some Degree, deceived. He declared his Passion; he ventured the Complaints of a Lover; he supplicated that Return of Affection which was necessary to his Happiness; he lamented

mented its Diminution; he requested the Recompence due to Disinterestedness, and Constancy; due to a pure and noble Flame, which, he then imagined, he had always felt with an equal Ardour.

Surprize, Tenderness, and Pleasure, at once animated the Aspect of Madame de Belosane. The noble Frankness of her Nature would not suffer her to prolong the Suspense of her Lover; to torment him with a vain and disingenuous Affectation. Painful Constraint was now removed; they conversed with Rapture; they attempted to describe to each other the Agonies of their mutual, and hopeless Love; and the Joy with which this Interview had penetrated their Hearts. Assurances of perpetual Love; and a reciprocal Promise of their Union, concluded this delightful Explanation. They agreed to keep their Intention a Secret till after the first Mourning of the Countess. The Secret was only confided to Madame de Chazele. When the Countess wrote to

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her,

her, she reminded her of their Agreement in Brittany. Its Completion was facilitated by the Marriage. The spacious Hotel de Grancé could accommodate both the Friends, without any Inconvenience to the Count, or to his Son.

Madame de Chazele soon arrived, with a Heart eager to give them her Congratulation, and to participate their Felicity. The Happiness of the Countess was complete when she embraced her Friend. She was ambitious to have *her* Approbation of a Constancy that had often exercised her Raillery and Wit. She doubted not that the Person, the Politeness, the Talents of the Marquis of Grancé would justify her Attachment to the Taste of the Marchioness; and would therefore dignify with the Approbation of Friendship that Prejudice, and Illusion, which are always imputed to Love.

She was not disappointed in her Expectation. Madame de Chazele soon found the Marquis worthy of her Friend's Love.

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In him she soon discovered the most manly, and amiable Qualities. As the Minds of these Persons naturally harmonized, they soon communicated their Sentiments to one another with an easy and polite Familiarity; and for six Weeks the Pleasure of their Conversation was not flattened by any disagreeable Accident. A Coldness insensibly stole on the Behaviour of Madame de Chazele: She often went abroad; returned home late; was reserved in the Company of Mr. de Grancé; admitted him no longer into her Apartment; and declined going into that of her Friend when *He* was there.

Madame de Belosane remarked this Change in her Conduct, and fancied that she had discovered the Cause. The Marchioness of Teligni, her Mother's Sister, was oftener with her than the Marquis: Her Husband, who was an Ambassadour at Rome, pressed her to return thither; but she was determined, if possible, to have her Niece's Company; and deferred her Journey,

Journey, that she might have Time to gain her Wish. Madame de Belofane always waved her Intreaties, with which she was resolved not to comply; and her Aunt, who imputed her steady refusal to her Friendship for Madame de Chazele, complained often of her Partiality, resented it in very acrimonious Language; and took every Opportunity to shew her Dislike to her Friend. The Countess, mortified with the Caprice, and Abruptness of her Aunt, was continually apologizing for her to Madame de Chazele, who was pleased with the fortunate Errour that occasioned those elaborate Apologies;—but still indulged a severe Gravity;—and, at length, grew melancholy, and distressed.

In a Morning which Madame de Belofane had destined to some particular Employment, the Marchioness asked her if she would accompany her to the Convent of Montmartre, whither she was going to visit their old Friends. She replied that she *could not*, as she was then *engaged*; and Ma-
dame

dame de Chazele went alone. Her Carriage returned at the Hour of Dinner; and her Servants desired that the Family might not wait. In the Evening she sent one of her Maids to Town, to whom she gave a Letter for the Countess.

She wrote to her in a cheerful, and humorous Style on the Constraint which had been imposed on her by the Ladies of the Convent, who had insisted that she should protract her Retirement for many Days. She then told her, in serious Language, that she could not refuse to comply with their Intreaties, without incurring the Charge of Ingratitude from the Abbess, and the Nuns, whose former Friendship, and present Kindness well deserved the little Sacrifice which they now demanded.

Madame de Belosane saw nothing extraordinary, and alarming in a Compliance which herself had often shown to those Ladies: And soon after, the Dread
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of a fatal Event engrossed, and fixed her Mind on another Object.

Two Days after the Retreat of Madame de Chazele to the Convent of Montmartre, Mr. de Grancé complained of a violent Head-ache:—The Pain was more acute next Day: He was attacked with a Fever, the Paroxysms of which were more severe at every Return, and shook the Hearts of his Friends with Consternation, and Terrour. By proper Remedies the Fever at length subsided; and on the twelfth Day it entirely left him. But an extreme Languor, and Dejection which remained, prevented the complete Joy that would have been felt for his Recovery. The Vivacity of the Marquis was not restored: A deep Melancholy sequestered him from all Amusements. He was mute, and absent; insensible to Society; to every Object around him; to his own Sensations:—His deep, and long Sighs; the Tears that involuntarily stole from his Eyes, proved
that

that his Soul was depressed and torne with unutterable Pain.

Madame de Belofane was extremely afflicted by this Revolution of his Mind. In his Behaviour to *Her* she perceived no Change; and therefore she suspected no Change, in his Sentiments. He was as attentive to *Her* as ever: He expressed his Wishes for their Union; to which, he said, he doubted not that he should owe the Return of his Gaiety. And yet her Confidence in his Tendernefs began to give Way; various, and indiscriminating Doubts produced vague, and confused Fears; and her sanguine Hopes of Happiness seemed gradually to desert her,—to leave her Heart a Prey to Solitude, and Mortification.

One Day, when she had just returned from the Convent, chagrined that Madame de Chazele would not return with her (for she had yet pertinaciously refused to quit her Retreat) Mr. de Grancé entered her

Apartment. Agitated, and exasperated at her Friend's Obstinacy, she immediately made it the Topick of Conversation; complained of it in Terms of warm Resentment, and repeatedly asked him if he knew not the Cause of her Caprice.

The Marquis turned pale; and with down-cast Eyes kept a melancholy Silence. Madame de Belofane repeatedly enquiring of him the Reason of her Friend's Absence, and pressing him to give her an Answer;—What, said he, Madam, (in an embarrassed, but resentful Tone) cannot you dispense with the Presence of a Companion from whom you have been so long absent?—Is the Happiness of your Life inseparably connected with Madame de Chazele? Or should I presume too much, if I expected from you a Preference which Love has a Right to claim over the warmest Friendship?

This Answer expressed too absurd, and extravagant a Jealousy, and was too inconsistent

sistent with the Character of Grancé not to surprize Madame de Belosane. She conjured him to explain himself with his usual Frankness; and not farther to attempt to deceive her with a weak, and artificial Reproach. Be not then offended, Madam, replied he, if, from an earnest Wish that the Pleasure of our Union may be as durable as our Lives, I now request a Favour of you which is necessary to the Peace of my Mind, to the Happiness of us Both. I have often hesitated after I had determined to make you this Request; I was afraid of offending you; of incurring your lasting Displeasure, by making the Honour you intend me, at all conditional. Shall I venture to be more explicit, Madam? Your Hand, and Heart cannot make me perfectly happy, unless you consent to a Sacrifice which *your* Interest, and mine, and the Possibility of very painful Circumstances hereafter, oblige me to require.

Madame de Belosane, still more astonished, looked earnestly at him, with Eyes

which conveyed the Agony of her Heart, and asked him, with strong Emotion, if the Sacrifice which he exacted, was her Attachment to Madame de Chazele?

I would not wish, replied he, that you should cease to see her, or to love her; but I most earnestly beg of you not to expect that *I* am to associate with her as an intimate Friend. The Presence of Madame de Chazele brings a Gloom upon my Mind; it raises painful Emotions *there*: It throws an aukward Restraint upon me; it disquiets me; it obscures, and agitates the Pleasure I enjoy in *your* Company. Press her not to return hither; think not of her living with us. By her Residence in the Hotel de Grancé, my present Chagrin would be augmented, which, with all my Efforts, I cannot conquer; I should be wanting in my Attachment to *you*, which you complain, is already relaxed; and your Friend would be the continual Cause of our Resentments, and Disputes.

What

What is this I hear! exclaimed the Countess. Can *you*, Sir, can the Marquis of Grancé stoop to this pitiful Fiction? What a poor Pretext! How unworthy is it of *you*! Can Madame de Chazele be the Object of any Man's Aversion! No!—If you are afraid to live with her, she must be the Object of your Love!—Ah! replied Mr. de Grancé, give not so cruel an Interpretation to my Expressions. Do not probe, too deeply, the State of a Heart which is frail, and perhaps, indisposed;—a Heart, which you should not totally sink, and incapacitate from the Discharge of its Duties, by the Severity of your Censure, and Reproaches;—you should rather heal, and strengthen it with your Tendernefs, and Magnanimity. From whom am I to look for Candour, and Indulgence, if not from *you*?—Grant me them, then, I beseech you, at this trying Crisis; and if you *do*, faithful to my Engagements, I shall—Engagements, interrupted the Countess;—you have *none*, Sir, to *me*! I annihilate them this Moment!

No, cried he, kneeling at her Feet, you shall not, you *cannot* annihilate them. I should be miserable if they lost their Force. Am I then deprived, in one Moment, of your Esteem, and Confidence? Can you really distress, can you despise me? Then seizing her Hand, kissing, and bedewing it with his Tears—I conjure you, Madam, by all that is dear, and sacred (continued he in a tender and emphatic Tone) to pardon me one transient Errour, if you think me culpable:—I conjure you to credit my Faith; to repose on my Honour. At your Feet I swear that your Husband will never violate his Oaths. You will be tenderly loved; you will be happy; yes, Madam; I know you will:—And the Certainty of your Happiness will every Day renew, and augment mine.

Rise, Sir, said Madame de Belosane, gently rejecting his ardent Supplication. You cannot substitute another Veil for that which you have torne from before my Eyes: I wish not to afflict you: I do not despise

despise you. I know not what Sentiments will succeed to those which have long possessed, and charmed my Heart. But I for ever break the Chains with which, I find, you have been oppressed. It is no longer in your Power to make *me* happy; and were I to accept the Sacrifice you would make to me, I should be equally convicted of Imprudence, and Want of Generosity.

The Marquis again urged his Petition: She intreated him to leave her to her own Reflections. Her Feelings were cruelly checked by his Presence, which restrained those Tears that were ready to flow. As soon as he left her, she gave a free Course to that extreme Grief with which this fatal Interview had agonized her Soul.

The Conduct of Madame de Chazele proved that if she knew, she did not approve the Sentiments of Mr. de Grancé. In the Violence of her first Agitations, Madame de Belosane felt a thorough Hatred of her Infidel. She enjoyed a resentful Pleasure

in the Idea, that her Friend's Disdain would revenge her Wrong; would punish the inconstant, and perfidious Man; would render him as miserable as she thought him criminal. But the cooler Exertion of Reason substituted in her Mind Sentiments more noble, more consistent with her natural Generosity, and with that tender Affection for Grancé which had long softened, and refined her Heart.

During one Part of the Night she indulged her Grief; the other Part she passed in forming a Resolution suitable to her present Situation. As soon as she had unalterably fixed that Resolution, she wrote to the Marchioness of Teligni. She sent off her Letter at Break of Day; ordered her Carriage to be ready; and set out for Montmartre.

Her Dejection, and the visible Traces of her Tears alarmed Madame de Chazele, who eagerly asked her the Cause of Affliction so sudden, and so apparent. Madame

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de Belofane related to her all that had passed in the Evening before, between her and Mr. de Grancé.

A mortal Paleness was spread over the Face of Madame de Chazele during the affecting Recital. The Agony of her Heart, and her Confusion deprived her for some Time of the Power of Speech. She raised her Eyes that were streaming with Tears, and fixed them on her Friend;—she stretched forth her Hand, and tenderly pressing with it that of Madame de Belofane;—you suspect me not, said she, I hope, of a base Dissimulation. I was unwilling to destroy your Peace, and Confidence, by communicating to you Fears, which might have been without Foundation.

What then, said the Countess, with Emotion;—you knew——I protest to you, I did *not*, replied Madame de Chazele. I avoided Mr. de Grancé from a Suspicion, and but from a slight one. She then told her Friend, that she had left, one Morn-

ing, on her Toilette, a Box enriched with Diamonds, which contained her Picture; and that the Box was without the Picture in the Evening. Surprized at such a Theft, which, however, she did not mention, she asked if some Person had not been in her Closet; one of her Women informed her, that she believed she had seen Mr. de Grancé come out of the Closet; but that in the Dusk of the Evening she might mistake the Person.

And what made you think that the Servant was not mistaken, said Madame de Belofane?—The next Day, continued the Marchioness, just as I had done dressing, Mr. de Grancé came into my Closet. The Box, which was yet on my Toilette, attracted his Attention. I reached forth my Hand, and took up the Box:—He blushed, and was disconcerted. I walked from the Table—He recovered from his Confusion. Since that Day, I lost, in Conversation with Mr. de Grancé, that agreeable, that charming Ease which is
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the Soul of Society; and having determined to return to Chazele, I chose to reside here till the Time of my final Departure. I should have left the Convent sooner, had I not been hitherto meditating a plausible, and strong Pretext, which might have made you consent to our Separation, without giving a Wound to our Friendship.

Ah! why will you leave me, said Madame de Belosane; why will you banish yourself from your Friend?—The Shaft which wounded my Heart, was not poisoned with ungenerous, and baleful Suspicion. If I have come to lodge my Sorrows in your Bosom; if I have come to pour out my Tears before you; you must certainly be convinced that I do not impute to *you*, the Cause of those Sorrows, and those Tears.

Madame de Chazele was extremely affected with this generous Confidence. She endeavoured to speak; but her Voice was

interrupted by her Grief. When the Countess saw the Efforts of her Affection succeeded by a Flood of Tears;—Cease, cried she, my dearest Friend, cease to indulge an Excess of Sorrow, which I now keenly reproach myself that I have occasioned. You may soothe; you may alleviate my Affliction. Ah! if it is in my Power, answered the Marchioness, to mitigate *your* Distress, name the Means; my Ardour for my Friend will feel Nothing difficult. How I hate, how I despise the Man whose Instability!——Oh! no; my Dear; do not hate him, said Madame de Belosane. I should despise myself, were I so far transported by low Revenge as to wish the Unhappiness of a Man who has long been the Object of my most tender Affections. I may break his Engagements and mine as they are not known. As I think I am obliged, by a Peculiarity of Circumstances, to renounce Mr. de Grancé for ever, why may he not hope to find you favourable to his Wishes?

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Favourable to his Wishes, cried the Marchioness with Indignation! — What, Madam, can you imagine I am speaking to you, replied the Countess, in the Sincerity of my Heart; I am not using any mean Artifice to sound *yours*. I am determined never to be the Wife of Mr. de Grancé. I have Resolution enough to fly from Him; I have Resolution enough to interpose a thousand Leagues between us:—But I should be quite distracted if I thought that he sighed; that he wept; that he suffered all the Torment of Love. I read in your Eyes how much you are astonished at my Weakness. Pardon it, I intreat you. Grant it even your Indulgence. Suffer a feeling Heart to implore your Compassion for an amiable Man, whose Destiny is absolutely in *your* Power.

Were I not thoroughly acquainted with the Nobleness of your Nature, said Madame de Chazele, I should think this Excess

cess of Generosity incredible. But you are at present deceived by your exalted Sentiments:—I am sure you would despise me, were I to comply with your Request.

It is impossible that I can be deceived by my Sentiments, replied Madame de Belosane. I thank God, they are under the Influence and Inspection of my Reason. It is true, I am extremely dejected; I am cruelly distressed: But my dreadful Disappointment cannot make me unjust. I am going to utter the Language of Reflexion, and of Truth:—The only Consolation I could receive for the Loss of my charming, but illusive Images, would be to move your Heart in Favour of the Marquis of Grancé;—to have it in my Power, one Day to reflect, in a more tranquil Situation, that I was the Arbitress of his Fate, and that I determined He should be happy;—that when I sought a Retreat far distant from France, and from *Him*, I left him

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him in full Possession of that Bliss of which he had deprived *me*.

When you sought a Retreat, cried Madame de Chazele!—Good God! what Project are you meditating! I formed for myself a Plan of Conduct last Night, replied she, which, as I solemnly vowed to execute it, I cannot change. Madame de Feligni will this Day receive my Promise to accompany her to Rome.

How precipitately, cried Madame de Chazele, have you taken this Determination! Was it not unkind in you to fix your Plan, before you had consulted with *me*? If you had not chosen to live in Paris, why might we not have left it together? I should have been happy in your Villa,—in my own,—on any Spot where I might have participated, and soothed your Pains; or where, at least, we might have intermingled our Tears. It is not in *your* Company, my dearest Friend, said Madame de Belosane, that I shall be able to recover my
Peace

Peace of Mind, the most desirable of all our Blessings. The Facility of talking over with *you* the tender Impressions of my Heart, would keep up its Habit of employing itself on one Object. The Time is already past when I thought *that* Habit the Source of my first Happiness. Restraint, Self-Denial; an Application to Objects which are now indifferent, and which may, for some Time, be painful to my wounded Mind, are my necessary Remedies; to draw me from a pleasing Error, and to prevent my ignoble, and fruitless Repentance.

May the Revenge of Heaven pursue the ungrateful Man, (exclaimed Madame de Chazele, with a Profusion of Tears) who hath broken our most sacred Ties, and his own; hath robbed me of my Friend; hath rendered me the Object of her Indifference; perhaps of her Hate!

This Imprecation struck her Friend with Horrour; who was yet more deeply
affected

affected with the Fear that Madame de Chazele expressed of having lost her Esteem. To assure her that her Regard for her was still the same, she resolved to pass some Days with her at the Abbey. She went, with Madame de Chazele to the Convent, ordered her Servants home; and told them when her Return might be expected. The Family of the Hotel de Layrac were extremely surprized when her Carriage came back without her. The Marchioness of Teligni informed her Sister in the hearing of the Count of Grancé, of the unexpected Complaisance of Madame de Belosane. The old Count at first imagined that he had mistaken the Words of the Marchioness of Teligni. Young Grancé had communicated to his Father the Hope he had of obtaining the Hand of the Countess of Belosane, without revealing their mutual Love. The Count left the Hotel de Layrac, went in Quest of his Son, and acquainted him with the unaccountable Revolution which he had learnt there.

Is it possible, cried the Marquis, that Madame de Belosane is resolved to leave us?—Will she go far from me?—Will she fly me? What a dreadful Change hath my Imprudence produced in a Heart fraught with Sensibility! She certainly must hate me, if she can tear herself from the Arms of her Family, and from the Bosom of Friendship, that she may avoid me;—that she may see me no more!—He then related to his Father all the Particulars of the late unfortunate Event.

Your ingenuous Desire to devote yourself totally to Madame de Belosane, said the Count, impelled you to a Conference more honourable than prudent. When you proposed to the Lady who only had a Right to your Affections, that Madame de Chazele should live at a Distance from you, was not the Proposal itself a Confession of your unwarrantable Passion? And with how strange a Volatility have you preferred Chazele to her Friend! What amiable Quality; what Attraction had she, that was

was not as conspicuous, and engaging in Madame de Belosane? I can give you no satisfactory Answer to these Questions, Sir, replied the Marquis, with a Look and Accent that expressed extreme Agony of Mind:—But this I declare to you, that every Recollection of my late Weakness, and of all its concomitant Circumstances, gives me insupportable Pain: But the Reflexion that most intolerably excruciates my Soul, is my Certainty that I have embittered the Life of the Countess; and consequently, my own Existence, with that pungent Remorse which is the equitable Curse of Ingratitude. I shall never, in my retired Hours, think of Madame de Belosane, without the severest Regret, without reproaching myself for having obscured her Days with Melancholy, and Distress; in Return for her Love; for her most tender, and constant Affection. What Peace of Mind can I hereafter enjoy!—My *Happiness* was the first Object of her Heart; and *her's* I have inhumanly destroyed!

stroyed ! While his Father was endeavouring to console him, he received the following Letter from Monmartre, which augmented his Misery.

MADAME DE BELOSANE TO MONSIEUR
DE GRANCE.

WHILE my Affection for *you* was known only to my own Heart, I did not endeavour to subdue it ; I did not endeavour to extinguish a generous Passion, the Secrecy and Innocence of which formed a most delightful, but a deceitful Charm. You drew from me an Avowal of that Passion, at a Time, when, I thought, every Circumstance authorized me to give you my unreserved Confidence. I might now complain of your strong Desire to discover my Sentiments ; I might ask you whence proceeded your Impatience to know them ; and if such Ardour was compatible with mere Curiosity ?—But far,
far

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 69

far from me be all Reproaches ! I by no Means accuse you of a premeditated Fault. The Qualities which procured you my Esteem, yet preserve it to you inviolate : They entitle you to my Friendship. It is no longer possible for me to be *yours* : But it will always be possible for me to do Justice to your Character, and to wish you true, and permanent Happiness. That Justice I shall ever observe ; and that Wish I shall ever breathe.

I absolve you from your Engagements to *me* ; think no more of *mine to you*. Madame de Chazele is not ignorant of your Love. She may, without any Treachery to Friendship, admit your Addresses, and make you happy. I equally absolve Her and You from any scrupulous Delicacy, from all Considerations on *my* Account, that might prevent your Union.

By this Time you have been informed that I am going into Italy. You *must* have the Uneasiness to know the *Cause* of my Departure ; but do not add to your
Re-

Regret, by imagining that my Resolution was precipitated by any mean Motives subsequent to that Cause. I fly from you, it is true; but I do not hate you. My Flight is not at all impelled by Resentment. I will see you, Sir, once more: I will bid you adieu in the Hotel de Layrac. Do not suspect that by giving you these Assurances, I ostentatiously pretend to the Glory of being indifferent to an Event, for which, I own, I was not prepared. You have torne my Heart with a rapid, and unmerciful Stroke. To alleviate the Pain; to promote the Cure of my Wound, I shall carry with me the balmy Consciousness, that, in my Conduct towards *you*, I was never governed, either by a foolish Pride, or by that fordid Selfishness which is capable of sacrificing the noblest Objects to the despicable Views of Interest.

Adieu——Do not write to me—Do not attempt to see me——I have heard all—you have told me all——our bright Prospect is darkened for ever!

Such

Such a Gentleness of Heart; so much real Goodness, produced their natural Effects on the Sensibility of the Marquis. His Tears were profusely shed on that Part of the Letter, in which Madame de Belosane gave him the strongest Assurances of her Esteem. Can *I*, said he to his Father, appear in her Presence; can *I* hear her last Adieu! How shall I be able to bear, with any Decorum, her Look, her Dejection, my Pain at parting from her, and my Humiliation at seeing *Her* gain so noble a Victory over a Passion which has rendered *Me* so imprudent, so weak, so criminal!

The Count, who respected the Secret of Madame de Belosane, was apprehensive that it would be discovered by the Agitation of his Son, if he should see her at the Hotel de Layrac. He, therefore, advised him to go immediately into the Country, and to find some Pretext for his Departure. The Marquis obeyed; and quitted Paris with that painful Sentiment which assails,
and

and torments the Mind, when, by the same Act, we have destroyed the Happiness of another, and forfeited our own.

The Departure of Mr. de Grancé exempted Madame de Belosane from the Difficulty of preparing her Heart for the Interview which herself had proposed. The Hour was now come when she was to take Leave of Madame de Chazele. The parting of those two Friends, was, to the last Degree, affecting, and distressful. A few Days after Madame de Chazele had left the Convent, Madame de Belosane set out on *her* Journey. She wrote, from Lyons, to the Marchioness; and her Letter called forth, afresh, all the Tenderness, and Grief of her Friend.

MADAME DE BELOSANE TO MADAME
DE CHAZELE.

WE are already, my dearest Friend, at a considerable Distance from each other; but

but how am I distressed when I image to myself the far greater Space, which, in a few Days, will separate *you* from *me*! But to *me* this painful Distance would be more supportable, if you would cease to torment yourself with your own fruitless, and unmerited Reproaches; if you would adopt *my* Ideas, and realize my most consoling Hope.

You tell me that I have not been much hurt, that I have not been overwhelmed with Grief at the Preference of which you are become the Object. Then my Conduct, and my Declarations must have belied the Feelings of my Heart. Alas! I yet feel the cruel Impression of the fatal Discovery! No Misfortune could have given me such exquisite Pain as the Inconstancy of Mr. de Grancé. From the inmost Recess of a tortured Heart I have sighed, and wept for the Change of his Affections. But I have not thought my Loss the greater for a material Circumstance relative to that Event. Why

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should I be the more mortified because *you* are loved?

In fact, I did not possess the inestimable Good of which you charge yourself with having deprived your Friend. No—I am now sure I did not possess it. Esteem, and Convenience were the rude Ties by which Mr. de Grancé was attached to *me*. And yet by these Ties we were to be united for Life! How heavy, how galling must they have proved! and in such a Connexion would Mr. de Grancé have always favoured me with his Attention? I should soon have found that I was merely a Companion obtruded on him by Law: Every Day, every Moment of my Life would have convinced me that he was not happy in the Possession of my Heart. Do not then accuse yourself of having done me an irretrievable Injury:—But rather rejoice with *me*, that through *you* I have escaped a Life of Torment, and Mortification.

Call

Call to mind our late Conversation, and *my* Intreaties. Conquer your false Delicacy: Change your Determination; return to the Hotel de Layrac; console my Mother in her Affliction for the Absence of her Daughter. Why should the Idea of Mr. de Grancé banish you from a House where your Company is so earnestly desired! If he had been unengaged, and if he had payed his Addresses to you, would you have rejected his Love?—Well: He *is* free from every Engagement: Accept his Homage; make him happy. Do not make it possible for him to suspect that while I perfidiously, and vain-gloriously assumed a fictitious Generosity, I committed to *you* the Execution of my Revenge. Ah! may he never think me capable of low Artifice; may he never impute one of his Pains to *my* Premeditation! May he obtain the Heart of Madame de Chazele; may they ardently love each other; may they be united; and may the Marchioness of Grancé, in her happiest Hours, tenderly

remember her Belofane, who may not then, perhaps, have acquired Fortitude enough to be a Witnefs of her Felicity; but who will certainly have too great a Soul to envy it; and who is capable of making the good Fortune of her Friend fo essentially her own, that ſhe will one Day participate it in Perſon;—when Time ſhall have diſſolved the Magick of a too powerful Illuſion!

This Letter had Effects very different from thoſe which its Writer hoped it would produce. Madame de Chazele, from the Time of her laſt Interview with her Friend, had been melancholy and dejected. In her ſolitary Hours, ſhe was often tormented with the following Apprehenſions.—“ I have certainly loſt my
 “ Friend. Her exalted Soul, irritated by
 “ Love, and Pride, only ſuſpended its Re-
 “ ſentment. In *me* ſhe can only view her
 “ greateſt Evil, the Origin of her ſevereſt
 “ Woe.” She was charmed with the affecting Affurances of a Friendſhip which

she no longer flattered herself that she enjoyed. What Emotions of Heart did she not feel while she read the Letter of Madame de Belosane ! She weighed every Expression it contained ; and in every Line she saw that Candour, that amiable Nature, which had always been consistent with itself. She dwelt particularly on the Close of the Letter ; she read it many Times ; and with the strongest Sentiments ; with a most generous Ardour. *May the Marchioness of Grancé, in her happiest Hours, tenderly remember her Belosane !*—The Marchioness of Grancé, repeated she !—Good God ! what a Name doth she give me ! Can I honourably take that Name !—A profound Sigh followed this Reflexion ;—the Letter fell from her Hands ;—and Tears rushed from her Eyes. She now ventured to avow to herself her Passion for the Marquis of Grancé ; she even ventured to deliberate whether, without being culpable, she might yield to the Intreaties of Madame de Belosane ; whether she might comply with her own Inclination ; whether

she might enjoy the Happiness which was now renounced by her Friend. But soon rejecting that Idea; ashamed for having indulged it a Moment; and blushing at the Tears it had occasioned—she took up the Letter, read it once more; and pressing it to her Lips; Oh! my Companion (cried she) my Sister, my Friend! I am determined never to owe my happiest Hours to the Man whose Ingratitude has given *you* the most exquisite Pain. *Your* amiable Image shall never be connected in *my* Breast, with baleful Remorse; the mean Gratification of Self-Love shall never render me unworthy of your Esteem! Can I, with Self-approbation, hold my Happiness of the Man who hath exiled you from your Country; who hath driven you from your Relations; who hath torne you from your Friend!

In her Answer to Madame de Belosane she acquainted her Friend with her final Determination. She set out for Chazele.

The

The Image of Mr. de Grancé followed her thither; and it even pursued Madame de Belosane to a foreign Clime.

These two Ladies corresponded, for three Years, as punctually as before the Cause of their long Separation. About the Middle of the fourth Year, Mr. de Teligni, who was one of the Persons appointed to negociate a most desirable Peace, was recalled to be sent to another Court. Madame de Belosane stopt in Provence, where she had an Estate. She then sent a pressing Invitation to Madame de Chazele, who was preparing to join her, when a fatal Event recalled them both to Paris.

Though the Preliminaries of the Peace had been proposed, the Campaign was opened, and advanced, in the Spring, on Account of the Difficulty which retarded the Progress of the Plenipotentiaries. Mr. de Grancé was ordered to attack a Fort; and was dangerously wounded in the As-

fault. Hopes of his Recovery were entertained for many Days ; but Madame de Belofane was destined to suffer all the Pains that can result from a tender, and ill-fated Attachment. The Death of the Marquis awoke all her former Sensibility ; rekindled her ardent Affection. She forgot her Wrongs ; and deplored his Fate. She added the Tribute of her Tears to those of a disconsolate Family ; she sympathized with all the Grief of his venerable Father. Her Heart felt a soft Pleasure at being in the Society of those who lamented the Death of the amiable and accomplished Marquis of Grancé. The Heart of Madame de Chazele was penetrated with the same Sentiments ; and their Attachment was (if possible) strengthened, and confirmed by their mutual Grief. Since the Death of the Marquis they have lived constantly together. Their Society is dear to all their Acquaintance, and Friends ; but they are often sequestered from the great World, into rural Shades, by the gentle, and delicate Influence
 of

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of an habitual, and pleasing Melancholy, which loves Retirement, and the Sweets of Nature. They have, both, for ever, abjured Love, and Marriage. The Memory of the Marquis of Grancé guards them against the future Insinuation of a dangerous Passion; to the Torments of which they have been most unfortunate, and distinguished Victims, without ever having enjoyed its Raptures.

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L E T.

LETTER XXVI.

LORD RIVERS TO SIR CHARLES
CARDIGAN.

SO you devote the Morning to Study; the rest of the Day to Business; and the Evening to Amusement? Then you employ your Time very rationally, Charles; and I congratulate you on its excellent Division. Lady Cardigan dines with *your* grave Friends;—you sup with her gay Companions.—She cultivates her Mind to please *you*:—You are adopting a Taste for Amusements to make yourself agreeable to *Her*. Nothing can be better calculated to produce matrimonial Happiness. By this mutual Condescension you gradually contract a Love of similar Employments, and Pleasures; and consequently your Hearts will coalesce with a more sympathetic Union. To this Condescension you will
owe

owe the purest Felicity that Mortals can enjoy. This prudent and moral Complaisance of two Persons in the married State, prepares them to substitute the calm, but Heart-felt Pleasures of true Friendship, for the beautiful and splendid Enthusiasm of Love, which, unfortunately, is as capricious, and temporary, as it is exquisite, and sublime.

The Conduct of which you complain, is, I own, extremely disgusting. Your ungrateful Relation is justly the Object of your Contempt. But you are wrong in regretting your generous Behaviour to *Him*; and you pass too severe a Censure on Mankind, when you ascribe to *them*, collectively, and without Distinction, the bad Character of one Individual. What! must I step forth the Patron of the human Species against *you*; against their warmest Friend? You say you love Man:—Yet no sooner *one* offends you, than you are disposed to hate *all* Men.

These are the natural Sentiments, Charles; and these are the naturally inconsistent Sentiments, of a too-impassioned Mind. As my Benevolence is founded on Reasoning, and reflecting, it is free from all intemperate Ardour; and therefore I am less hurt than you, with the Faults of my Fellow-Creatures. I observe those Faults without Emotion; I bear them without Indignation. I am easily deceived, like *you*. A Man may impose upon me; he may make me believe that he is honest. As soon as I discover the Reverse, I banish the Traitor from my Sight for ever; his Existence has no longer any Relation to mine. But I should deem myself unjust, if I thought afterwards, that no Man merited my Confidence. Many, perhaps, are as undeserving of my Assistance as he who betrayed me. But Equity permits me not to pass Sentence on Them, from a Supposition; and yet less, to punish them when I am not sure that they are criminal.

You

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You ask me in what I employ myself?
—In nothing at all.—If I am amused?—
Very little.—If I shall soon repass the
Strait?—I cannot tell. If I yet view the
Objects of my durable Happiness with a
fluctuating, and doubtful Mind?—I do.
Sometimes I hope; Oftener I fear. I
strongly feel the Attraction of London:
I counteract that Attraction, from a Pre-
sentiment of Disappointment, and Distress.
On my Return to my Country, I may split
upon the Rock of my Happiness, or my
Liberty!—These Objects, my Friend, are
certainly sufficient Causes of Apprehen-
sion, and Hesitation.

But let me dwell no longer on my own
Weakness; let me endeavour to entertain
you with the Follies of others. The At-
tention of Paris is at present fixed on a
very whimsical Law-Suit. Two Citizens
accuse each other of a very dishonourable
Action. Each Party inveighs against the
other in the most opprobrious Language;
and pronounces his Antagonist a Monster
that

that should be the Outcast of Society. A very worthy Gentleman engaged me Yesterday to go with him to the Court where this extraordinary Cause was depending. It was to be agitated by two celebrated Orators; and my Companion assured me, that their Art, and Eloquence would afford me great Entertainment. He anticipated truly. I admired the Learning, the Address, the Fluency, and Strength of those able Advocates. But I still more admired the undistinguishing Impudence of the Plaintiff, and Defendant; who were present to hear the Trial; and who were equally industrious to inform the Publick of a great Number of Anecdotes, the most trivial of which was sufficient to render Them for ever ridiculous, and contemptible.

As we were quitting the Hall, we were accosted by a Gentleman of the Robe. I found, by his Discourse, that my Conductor went often to hear Causes: What, then, said I to him, when his Friend had
left

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left us, do you love Pleadings? On the contrary, answered he, I dread and detest them. I have given up very considerable Rights to avoid a Law-Suit. If I frequently attend our Courts, I go not thither to gratify a trifling Curiosity; to enjoy a superficial Pleasure; but to study, and to know thoroughly, that inconsistent and mysterious Being, Man;—a Being, who is so great, and so little; so noble, and so base; who can rise so sublimely, and who can sink so low;—whom Interest, Revenge, a slight Resentment, or mere Obstinacy, and Perverseness, can stimulate to reveal dangerous Secrets; to expose to the publick Eye the Vices, and Iniquities of others, and his own.

One dishonours his Son, to deprive him of the Right of Inheritance, conferred on him by Nature, and the Laws. Another overwhelms with Infamy the Mother of his Children. A Brother accuses a Brother of having fraudulently taken Possession of a Part of that Fortune which was

his

his Right; and to prove his Claim, he profanes the Memory of the Authour of his Life with the Charge of Injustice, or Imbecillity. A Son, sprung from an illicit Commerce, and educated in Obscurity; to emerge into an eligible Situation, publishes to the World the Disgrace of his Mother. He undertakes to prove that she is an infamous Woman; to oblige her to confess her Infamy; unless she will acknowledge *that* Man to be his Father, to whom, in Equity, he has no Pretension. A bold Woman, renouncing Modesty, and Decorum, exposes, by an indecent Narrative, the Weakness of an unhappy Man; insults him, defies him impudently; insists on a Separation; and asserts a Power which is granted her by Law, but which is certainly refused her by Themis. These Beings, called Men, whose long Childhood, and precipitate old Age, most clearly, and infallibly indicate the Necessity of Benevolence and Friendship;—who are connected in Society for the Interchange of Assistance; of generous Offices, of Support; these

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these very Beings hate, persecute, oppress,
and endeavour to ruin one another. And
what is the Source of all this Malevo-
lence, and inflexible Rigour?—A rapa-
cious Desire, to acquire, or preserve some
Advantages, the Possession of which,
when continued, or obtained, will always
appear, in the Eye of Reason, a very in-
adequate Compensation for the moral Tur-
pitude that resulted from the Avarice, and
Acrimony, with which they were pursued.

I might have strengthened, and con-
firmed the Reflexions, and Examples of
the Frenchman with mine: The Subject
led to a large Field in which Misanthropy
might have expatiated. We agreed that
it was only the Habit of seeing, every
Day, the extreme Discordance between our
Reason, and our Conduct, that enabled us
to endure that horrid Spectacle of moral
Deformity. If a Hottentot was made
thoroughly acquainted with *our* Manners,
I think he would have Reason to pro-
nounce

nounce the Savages of Europe less sensible than those of the Cape of Good Hope.

I am somewhat offended with Sir Robert—He could not keep my Secret—Mr. Wilmot knows all. I have received a Letter from that young Gentleman. His Sentiments affect me by their noble Simplicity. His Gratitude is ingenuous, and manly. This Youth is certainly of a generous Nature: I am sure he would be happy to do for another, what my fortunate Circumstances have enabled me to do for *him*. One Proof of Goodness of Heart, is to estimate properly a Favour that we have received. If we magnify it in our real Opinion, or in the Hyperbole of Flattery, we shall soon feel ourselves oppressed with the Weight of the Obligation. Adieu.

L E T-

LETTER XXVII.

LADY CARDIGAN TO LORD RIVERS.

I HAVE received, from Sir George Ambler, your Letter, and the little History which you had promised me so long. Indeed, my dear Lord, it did not answer my Expectation. A Narrative concerning two Frenchwomen, who were young, beautiful, and rich, promised me a Series of agreeable, of interesting Events: I concluded I should be highly amused, or deeply affected at every Page of your Manuscript. But I am sorry to acquaint you that I found it very cold, and very tedious. There is nothing that strikes in the Marquis. Madame de Chazele is a good Woman, which is a very insipid Character. And as for your Countess, that very sensible, and very reasonable Being; She is to *me*, a most extravagant and ridiculous Woman.

There

There never was a Girl, whose Head had been turned with Romances, more intoxicated with Love than Madame de Belosane. To be constant to her Attachment for five Years; and after the Return of Mr. de Grancé, to see him indifferent on *his* Part, and to love him still! To discover his Passion for another, and to love him still!—to love, at once, her Lover, and her Rival, with whom he was enamoured! So loving a Disposition is so absurd, and mean, that it is intolerable! Oh! what Indignation I felt at her Letters to the Marquis, and to Madame de Chazele!—To intreat that Lady to make the ungrateful Man happy! To write to him in a Strain of Gentleness; of Friendship; nay of Tenderness! In a Strain of Tenderness at *that* Juncture!—Good God! what an affected; what a spiritless Character!

You know that I am not without Sensibility;—that I am capable of ardent, and lasting Friendship. I have the highest Esteem,

Esteem, and the warmest Affection for Miss Rutland. But if, after you had greatly contributed to her Happiness and mine, by permitting her to live with me, her Charms had weakened my Influence on the Heart of Sir Charles; if he had distinguished her, I will not say, by his Love, but by the slightest Preference; I am sure I should have been more apt to tear her Eyes out, than to intreat her to marry him.

But I do not mean undistinguishingly to censure those Characters. Madame de Belosane is, without Question, endowed with a noble Mind, happily formed to engage a Friend, but not to attach a Lover. To the Shame of your Sex, they are not conquered, and fixed, by Humanity, Frankness, and an equal Generosity of Behaviour. The Heart of a Man, which is perpetually contradicting itself, is not adapted by Nature, to enjoy a peaceful, and secure Commerce. We must, alternately,

ternately, make it hope, and fear. She who would win, and maintain an Empire over it, must raise, dissipate, and renew its Doubts, and Alarms. A State of Inquietude and Anxiety keeps up the Activity, and Spirit of your Passions; it prevents that Languor to which you sink by a Certainty of possessing. Ask Sir Charles how happy I have often made him by tormenting him?—After having neglected him for two Hours—after having quarrelled with him—after having frowned at him—after having shown him every Mark of my Displeasure; with what Joy have I illuminated his Soul by a single Smile! He now sees me always in good Humour; always ready to hear, and to answer him. No Cloud sits on the Aspect of the obedient Wife. He is enchanted with this Novelty; he gives it, he says, all its Value. But if, by this Calm, and this Serenity, his Vivacity, his Politeness, and Attention should degenerate into a Relaxation, into a Lethargy of Soul; I could soon elec-

electrify the Atmosphere of Love; and agitate it with a Storm which would, then, be necessary to its Salubrity*.

Mifs

* Madame Riccoboni here makes Lady Cardigan an unnatural, and incredible Character. I should thank the Person who could produce me, from the Annals of Love, and Marriage, one authentick Instance of a Woman, who was, like Lady Cardigan, before the Rites of Hymen, a finished, and domineering Coquette; and after the Celebration of those Rites, became an excellent Wife. To make a general Application of the Theory of this Paragraph to Men, is ungenerous, and false; and the Conduct here inculcated to young Ladies, is almost as immoral as the Manners of a Brothel. A general Preference, in Point of Virtue, of Women to Men, or of Men to Women, is commonly the Effect of superficial Observation, or of Resentment. I doubt not but there are as many good and noble Characters in the one, as in the other Sex. Consequently, there are Men endowed with Generosity, with Sense, and with Spirit. Let me, therefore, warn the Fair-One, who is inclined to be a Disciple of Lady Cardigan, that she will, first, wound, and mortify, and soon after irreconcilably disgust the Lover who possesses these amiable, and honourable Qualities. Am not I, then,
well

Miss Rutland totally dislikes the Character of the Marquis de Grancé; and it equally displeases *me*. The Writer of the
Nar-

well employed, while I endeavour to obviate a Loss, which is always great, and often irreparable; that of the permanent Affection of a worthy Man; and to prevent the unmerited Pain which that Man may suffer from female Artifice, and Despotism!

I shall here beg Leave to add a Note which I forgot to annex to its proper Place. It was intended for that Paragraph towards the Close of the fourth Letter in the former Volume, in which the Distinction is drawn between the Coquetry of the English, and of the French Ladies. The united Force of these two Notes, will, I flatter myself, prove a Coup de Grace to the illiberal, and dangerous Passages of this Novel, with which Riccoboni means to reproach Men, and to arm Women.

As all Coquetry is totally inconsistent with the true Honour of the Ladies; as, from its painful, and ruinous Effects, it is immoral in the extreme Degree; it is needless to determine whether the rude Coquetry of the English, or the refined Coquetry of the French Women is more criminal. Coquetry is a Species of Tyranny; and every Species of Tyranny,

in

Narrative means to make him an extraordinary Person. But what is there great in his Conduct? When he is first acquainted

in Man, or Woman, is a Crime of the deepest Dye. She who acts the Tyrant over her Lover, may congratulate herself on reflecting that she forms, and rules a Slave: She may likewise triumph in conquering, and detaining in Captivity, the Abject, and the Weak: Nay even He who has many estimable Qualities, but has not acquired Fortitude, and Resolution, in the School of Wisdom, may unhappily prove her Vassal. But her Acquaintance will soon be declined, her Company will be avoided, by the generous, and virtuous Man; by Him, whose good Sense, and Knowledge of the World, are adorned, and dignified with a manly Spirit, and with the Government of his Passions. And as such a Man may be raised almost to a Demi-god, by the Power of Love, *He* is the Object whom a Lady should be ambitious to subdue, and to secure. This Note, I hope, will prevent any bad Impressions which might be made by some Passages in these Letters, where Madame Riccoboni authorizes, or very improperly sports with the mean, and barbarous Arts which are practised by mistaken, and selfish Women. The Note is not dictated by an acrimonious Temper; but by a sincere Regard for the true, and permanent

quainted with the Lady, he is silent: For a considerable Time after his Return to Paris, he says nothing; and when he doth speak, he talks absurdly and extravagantly. Pray what was the Danger of his Situation? Whence originated his Fears, his Embarrassment; his Melancholy? He was to pass his Life with two charming Women; he was to possess the one; he was to enjoy the Society of the other; was there any Thing so dreadful in this Prospect? Did it not promise to afford him all that Sentiment has, most delightful in its Pleasures? But do not you think me very unpolite, very ungrateful, from these Observations? Instead of thanking you for copying the Narrative for *my* Entertainment, I vex and fatigue you with my foolish Remarks. Pardon me, my Lord; I forgot that this Narrative, with all its

Happiness of the Fair Sex. And let me take the Liberty to assure them, that *Love* always terminates in *Misery*, when it is not embellished, exalted, and approved, by *Mind*.

roman-

romantick Air, is true ; and that it is the History of your *two select* Friends.

From my Love of Justice I am disposed to make some Reparation for my critical Impertinence, by giving you an Opportunity of censuring, in your Turn. I shall recite you a late Adventure ; its Hero is a Frenchman ; and a prodigious Favourite of mine. He is a Soldier. He is neither young, nor old ; neither handsome, nor ugly : But he has a very fine Person, and a most captivating Manner. He is tall ; he has a martial, and noble Air : He possesses all that Ease which is partly the Effect of an habitual, and extensive Conversation with the World ; and partly of a Consciousness that he immediately attracts Attention, and Respect, which he, therefore, needs not elaborately to court. The first Visit he made in London was to my Aunt. He was so strongly recommended to her, that when he took his Leave, after he had waited on her for the

first Time, she desired him, for the Future, not to deem himself a Stranger in *her* House. By a Facility in speaking our Language, uncommon to a Frenchman; by his gay, social, and spirited good Nature; and by his polite, sensible, and engaging Frankness, he was soon domesticated in her Family. After he had payed us two or three Visits, we imagined, when we were talking to him, that we were conversing with an old Friend.

We dined Yesterday at my Brother's. Several of the Company were blaming the precipitate Marriage of Miss Roberts and a young Hanoverian Officer who has been but six Weeks in England. All the usual Arguments were agitated, and exhausted, for the Propriety, for the prudential Necessity of a mutual Knowledge of Disposition before two Persons were united by an indissoluble Tye. The Frenchman was silent; listened; smiled; looked at me significantly; and said to me in a Half-Whisper;

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 101

Whisper;—"These People want common
" Sense.—Mutual Knowledge of Dispo-
" sition!—Is it *ever* previous to Mar-
" riage?—How is it to be acquired?"

In the Evening when we had a smaller Party, I desired him to tell me ingenuously, if he thought it impossible for one to ascertain the Sentiments, and Character of a Person whom it was his most important Interest to know. If I think it impossible, Madam, replied he?—I *do*, absolutely. But whence have you formed that Opinion, said I? From my own Experience, answered he: And if you knew the Reason why I reside in England, you would forgive me for a Conviction, which, at present, may be, in your Judgement, ridiculous. I begged that he would gratify a Curiosity which he had excited; and he gave me the following Account.

" Before I was one-and-twenty, I fell
" in Love with a very beautiful and ac-
" complished young Lady. As I was a
F 3 " younger

“ younger Brother, I was an insignificant
 “ matrimonial Object in the cold Eye of
 “ parental Prudence. My Mistress was
 “ rich. The probable Mortification of a
 “ Refusal made me afraid to ask Her of
 “ her Father, who might think that her
 “ Fortune was the Object which had de-
 “ termined my Addresses. While I was
 “ deliberating, and hesitating, she was
 “ married by her provident Friends. I
 “ was grieved at the Event; and she
 “ seemed as much affected. We shed
 “ sympathetic Tears on the Occasion——
 “ We were consoled by Time. And as I
 “ was acquainted with her Husband, I had
 “ often the Pleasure of enjoying her Com-
 “ pany. The Attachment of my Heart
 “ was too warm, and too constant for our
 “ respective Situations.—As I loved no
 “ Woman so well as her, I did not marry.

“ Four Years after her Marriage, she
 “ became free. Some Time after the
 “ Death of her Husband she proposed our
 “ Union. The Offer was highly grateful
 “ to

“ to my Heart : But as she was Guardian
 “ to her Son, a young Nobleman, she
 “ would then have been a very great Lo-
 “ ser in Consequence of our Marriage.
 “ As I was not rich enough to indemnify
 “ her for the Sacrifice that she was willing
 “ to make on *my* Account, I thought it
 “ would be ungenerous to accept her Pro-
 “ posal. We therefore submitted to in-
 “ convenient Circumstances ; and without
 “ a very painful Reluctance. She kept
 “ an elegant, and most agreeable House ; I
 “ was one of her Society : I supped with
 “ her almost every Night. In Winter I
 “ gave her Proofs of my Friendship by
 “ seizing every Opportunity of being in
 “ her Company ; in Summer, by my
 “ Punctuality in our epistolary Corre-
 “ spondence : and thus I was happy all the
 “ Year.

“ Her Son died : I lost my Brother ;
 “ but was, consequently, rich. I was not
 “ even then disposed to change my Style
 “ of Life ; I found it commodious ; agree-

“ able; quite satisfactory. But my good
 “ Friend again entertained Ideas of Mar-
 “ riage. She had heard some idle Re-
 “ ports: She was alarmed at some despi-
 “ cable Scandal. She imparted to me her
 “ Uneasiness; which she intreated me to
 “ remove. I thought I was obliged by
 “ Honour not to resist her Desire. I was,
 “ indeed, attached to my habitual Mode
 “ of Living: I liked my Liberty; yet I
 “ owed extreme Complaisance to my old
 “ Friend. Then what Risk did I run by
 “ marrying Her, as I was so well acquaint-
 “ ed with her Disposition and Manners?
 “ She was not so beautiful, it is true, as
 “ when I was first enamoured with her:
 “ but neither was I so young: And I al-
 “ ready anticipated the Time when her
 “ Mind would be of far more Consequence
 “ to me than her *personal* Charms. In
 “ short, I married her: But on the Day
 “ after that of our Wedding, I found that
 “ the Woman who was the Ornament of
 “ Society in the Evening, might, the next
 “ Morning, turn a complete Fury; and
 “ tor-

“ torment the Wretches who were obliged
 “ to endure her Tyranny the whole Day.

“ I had scarce quitted the bridal Bed,
 “ and gone into my Dressing-Room, when
 “ I heard a muttering Sound. It grew
 “ louder; and soon rose to Tumult, and
 “ Clamour. I was disturbed, and in some
 “ Degree provoked with this unexpected,
 “ and most disagreeable Noise. My Ears
 “ were now assailed with a confused Din,
 “ with the shrill and piercing Tones of
 “ feminine Rage; with the harshest Epi-
 “ thets, and with the most inhuman
 “ Threats. I imagined that the Servants
 “ of my Lady were quarrelling. But I
 “ was surprized that they could take such
 “ Liberty so near to her Apartments and
 “ mine. My Curiosity was raised; I left
 “ my Dressing-Room to inquire into the
 “ Cause and Circumstances of the Fray.
 “ In the Anti-chamber of the Marchion-
 “ ess I saw one of her old Domesticks,
 “ reading with great Composure and At-
 “ tention. I asked him who was making

“ so great a Noise in his Lady’s Apart-
 “ ment?—Noise, Sir, (said this Veteran in
 “ her Service) I hear *none*.—What, an-
 “ swered I, don’t you hear that horrid,
 “ that insupportable Clamour?—Oh, Sir,
 “ cried he, I beg your Pardon:—This is
 “ a Sound to which we are accustomed
 “ every Day;—to which our Ears are
 “ grown insensible. My Lady sends for
 “ her People in the Morning: They go to
 “ receive her Orders. She is now scold-
 “ ing them for the Service of Yesterday:
 “ To-morrow she will scold them for *that*
 “ of To-day. This is her constant Plan.
 “ She may rail as loud as she will, she dis-
 “ turbs no Body:—And when she gives
 “ us the most opprobrious Language, in
 “ the most vehement Manner, we are as
 “ unmoved as if she was quite silent.

“ Amazed at this Discovery; immove-
 “ able; leaning against the Mantle-piece,
 “ with my Hand on my Forehead;—I
 “ fixed my Eyes on the old Servant, with-
 “ out knowing on whom I looked. He
 “ took

“ took my Consternation for Attention, or
 “ a farther Curiosity. He then expatiated
 “ on the Temper of his Mistress;—told
 “ me how she treated her Stewards; her
 “ Tradesmen; her Workmen;—adding,
 “ conclusively, that such was her Habit;
 “ a Habit which every one who was con-
 “ nected with her must learn to bear.

“ I returned to my Apartment, penetrat-
 “ ed with the keenest Regret. I had not
 “ the Power to dress myself; I sent my Ser-
 “ vant out of the Room; and threw my-
 “ self on a Settee, sunk with Mortification,
 “ and stung with Anguish. I was so de-
 “ pressed, and agitated, that I had not the
 “ least Use of my Reason. I had left a
 “ House where I saw none but free and
 “ happy Faces, to live in another, inha-
 “ bited by a Train of miserable Slaves.
 “ How did I then reproach and despise
 “ myself for my fatal Complaisance! How
 “ clearly did I see all its painful, and
 “ humiliating Consequences! And how
 “ dreadful was the Shock I felt, when a

“ Servant came and told me that her
 “ Ladyship desired to see me without
 “ Delay.

“ I trembled at the Summons which I
 “ hesitated to obey. I walked twice or
 “ thrice over the Room; not yet resolute
 “ enough to encounter the female Storm;
 “ when, lo! the Door opened abruptly,
 “ and my Lady entered, with her Head
 “ half-dressed; without Powder; without
 “ Rouge: and in Truth, extremely dif-
 “ ferent from the Woman of the Even-
 “ ing. I thought both her Complexion
 “ and her Face disagreeable; and her fol-
 “ lowing Declamation augmented her De-
 “ formity.—Must I expect you all Day,
 “ Sir, said she, in a splenetick Tone? Do
 “ you presume to leave Business to *my*
 “ sole Arrangement, that should be *your*
 “ Care as well as mine? I hate Indolence;
 “ then looking at me with an Air of Sur-
 “ prize;—what, cried she, is your Head
 “ in so miserable a Plight at this Hour?
 “ Is it your Custom to wear that odious
 “ Desha-

“ Deshabille all the Morning; that abominable Turban, which makes you look as black as the Devil? Your Aspect is horrible when your Hair is concealed. I had forgotten what a frightful Monster a Man is, when he is not dressed. Good God! if I had seen you but once in this disgusting Appearance, I would not have married you on *any* Terms.

“ Provoked, in some Degree, at this insolent Sally—Madam, replied I, my Undress, probably, becomes me but ill: Perhaps yours is not more graceful.—But I shall not dispute with you on these Trifles. *You* thought *me* handsomer; *I* thought *you* more sociable than we find one another. The Mistake is important; it would be a terrible one, if to *it* we should sacrifice our future Happiness. I have never thwarted the Taste, or Inclination of any Person; but in Justice to myself, it shall never
“ be

“ be in the Power of any one to make
 “ *me* unhappy.

“ What means this haughty Language,
 “ Sir, answered she, in her former over-
 “ bearing Tone?—That we must part, re-
 “ plied I, and immediately. I forgot to in-
 “ form you, Madam, that my Health is very
 “ indifferent. The Physicians have pre-
 “ scribed me the Waters of Barége, which,
 “ after I have taken, I shall set off for
 “ Calais. She wept, threatened, shrieked,
 “ and seemed distracted:—I imitated the
 “ Apathy of her old Domestick. I dres-
 “ sed; went out; returned late; slept a-
 “ lone; and drove off at Break of Day.
 “ I have now, Madam, finished my true
 “ Narrative; and I leave you to judge
 “ from its Tenour, whether we may not
 “ long associate without knowing one
 “ another.”

You will undoubtedly think my little
 Story very flat; very unworthy to accom-
 pany

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. I return you with this Letter. But give me your Opinion of it ingenuously. I give you Leave to be frank, and downright ;—*to forget the Complaisance which is due to my Sex.* An insipid Compliment, and without Meaning! Above all; I beg that you may never again address me in these Words—*I shall always think you in the Right.* I never heard a Man tell a Woman that she was in the *Right*, but I read in his impertinent Face, that he thought her palpably in the *Wrong*. Miss Rutland is now going to take her Pen:—Is it not Time that I should lay down *mine*?

FROM

FROM MISS RUTLAND.

I AM extremely surprized at that Passage in your last Letter to Lady Cardigan, in which you mention *me*. What Opinion *she* has given you of me, I know not: But she has done me great Injustice, if she has represented me as a captious, ill-tempered Girl. I am sensible of all the Goodness you have shewn me, my Lord: But I beg Leave to dispense with your Indulgence, 'till my Faults have made me its proper Object. As I am not conscious of *one* at present, you cannot as yet plead an Opportunity for extending your Lenity towards me.

I am in a very particular Situation. If I thought of it much, it would make me melancholy. I have lost many Friends. My Sister corresponds with me no longer; I am hated by her Husband; I am traduced

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 113

duced by Lady Morton: My Guardian blames my Sentiments, and my Conduct; and seems desirous to be rid of his Ward:—Every stupid, and impertinent Lover, whom I refuse, makes one more in the Number of my Enemies. Good God! Is a Woman then guilty of an unexpiable Crime in the Eyes of Men, if she chuses not to marry! If twenty imperious Usurpers are for throwing Chains on a free Person, cannot she resist the presumptuous Invasion of her Liberty without giving Offence to the Spectators? The Attack, then, is allowed; the Defence is pronounced Rebellion. How enormous is this Injustice!

You speak, you say, my Lord, without Subterfuge! without Reserve. But on what well-grounded Topic? You certainly must have formed a strange Opinion of me, from that *Folly* with which you tax me; and which you term *an enigmatical Consent*. Indeed, my Lord, it is with Difficulty I can persuade myself that your Sollicitude

Sollicitude for *me* is really benevolent, and obliging.

If I admit that there exists a Man who is more worthy to attract my Attention than Sir Edmond, than all his Rivals; will you thence infer that I am charmed; that I am passionately in Love with that Man? Do you, from the Supposition that I at present allow, make me a Tender of your *good Offices*? And pray, what Kind of good *Offices* do you mean? Do you mean such as would be derogatory to my Ideas and Practice of Decorum? You suppose that I have a Favourite. Would you request that Favourite to pay me his Affiduities, his Addresses? Would you intimate to him that if he made Love to me he would certainly succeed?—That I would like to have him for a Husband?—Fy, my Lord!

Moderate your *affectionate* Zeal for my Happiness: Have Patience, I beseech you. I see Nothing urgent in my Situation. I take my Views: *I observe accurately.* But
be

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 115

be assured my Mind is very calm, and serene. I have a Ticket in the Lottery. If Fortune favours me, I shall be a great Gainer; if she does *not*, I have ventured *Little*; therefore my Loss cannot be *great*.

LET.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

LORD RIVERS TO LADY CARDIGAN.

I AM neither offended with your Criticism, my dear Lady Cardigan; nor do I intend to censure your little History, in my Turn. But without defending a Character which *you* dislike, I will venture *not* to be of your Opinion on the Situation of the Marquis of Grangé. His Fears appear to me well-grounded: And when you pronounce the Situation agreeable in which he was to be placed in Consequence of his Marriage, I question whether you have thoroughly examined, and studied that imperfect Creature, of whose Nature your Sex often hastily, and erroneously conclude that they have a complete Knowledge; and that, consonantly with *that* complete Knowledge, they direct, and exert their Empire. You will be subject to
great

great Mistakes, if you judge of *our* Constitution by the female Frame.

Love, in the Heart of a reserved, and delicate Woman, may be a gentle and sweet Passion: It may possess her Soul, and yet not distract it with any painful Agitation; it may soften without seducing her Heart: It may amuse her Imagination without leading it from the Bounds of Moderation, and Decorum. But the same *strong Affection*, the same Master of the human Race, *agitates*, and *torments* the Sex that is habitually more free, more bold;—less accustomed to controul the most powerful of our Passions. In *his* Bosom it soon grows to an ardent, and destructive Flame: He is racked with the Impetuosity of his Desires; and from their Violence he is at Length impressed with the dreadful, or the melancholy Conviction that they must either be gratified, or extinguished. If the Sight of the fair, and adored Object presents, every Moment, the Image of Happiness; it is to the fortunate

118 LETTERS FROM LORD RIVERS

Lover, who is heard with Candour, with Benevolence, with Esteem:—His Impatience is calmed; because his Hope is animated. Mr. de Grancé far from enjoying the most elegant Pleasure, must have been so powerfully struck with its Representative, and so painfully affected with its Privation, by the Presence of Madame de Chazele, that I declare I cannot imagine a Torment more continued, more exquisite, more insupportable, than that which he must have felt from *her* Society.

The little Narrative you sent me, which is told with an agreeable military Simplicity, is not circumstantially true. That abrupt Separation was more the Subject of Paris than perhaps your new Friend would have wished. It was talked of; it was laughed at; and it is now thought of no more. There is a continual, and rapid Revolution here. One ludicrous Event is soon followed by another still more ridiculous: And by this uninterrupted Progression of the Series, all Events are forgotten.

Accept,

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 119

Accept, I intreat you, my warmest Thanks for the Reception with which you honoured my Friend, Mr. Wilmot. In a Letter to me he mentions the generous Politeness you have shown him, with Expressions of the highest Gratitude and Esteem. This young Man is of a most excellent Disposition, and of a most amiable Character. I think that he is worthy of being admitted into your Society. Of the Advantages of his present Situation—his Introduction to *you*—his Opportunities of being agreeable to you—of living on an intimate Footing with *you*, and Sir Charles—these I deem the greatest; and they are the *only* Advantages for which I wish him to remember that he has been indebted to *me*.

L. E. T.

L E T T E R XXIX.

LORD RIVERS TO MISS RUTLAND.

WHEN a young Lady wishes not to appear a *captious, ill-tempered Girl*, she should endeavour to convince her Friends that she is a sensible, and reflecting Person. She should not keep an obstinate, and disobliging Silence; nor should that Silence be succeeded by inconsiderate Mirth, and Irony, on the first Object that presents itself to the Imagination. To pretend to mistake the Intentions of a Friend, that she may debase his Zeal with the Semblance of Folly;—to ridicule his anxious, his respectable Care for her true Interest, and Happiness;—to reward all his Attention, and Complaisance with a—FY, MY LORD:—This is the Strain of a very thoughtless Girl;—of one, so little accustomed to make proper Distinctions, that she can write to her Guardian in the same
Style

Stile she would use to one of her stupid, and impertinent Lovers, if she honoured him with her Correspondence.

I seem desirous to be rid of my Ward! —Have you any Ground for this Reproach? What Interest can *I* have in determining, or in hastening your Choice? If I had wished to direct it, your jealous Assertion of your Independence would have taught me to repress that vain Desire.

Do I suppose that you have ardent Sentiments; that you entertain a secret Passion? By no Means. I never formed such a Supposition. I cannot even believe you have that Cast of Mind which you seem to think you possess, when you tell me that *you make your Observations*. Have you Leisure to think; to compare, and to fix your Ideas? Before we chuse an Object of real, and important Preference, we examine, we estimate its Worth: We agitate, and revolve in our Minds the Reasons for our Predilection; we carefully collect

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every Argument that may justify it to ourselves, and to the World. Would a Man of Merit feel any Consequence at his being classed with a Lottery-Ticket? Would he think himself obliged to you if you expected his Heart from Chance? Or would he not have a Right to say to you; —I should be happy if I was the Object of your rational, and moral Choice: But I should risk too much, if I was ambitious of being the Favourite of a Caprice, that gave me your momentary Attention.

I once thought, my dear Miss Rutland, that you had less Volatility;—that you were less attached, than I fear you are, to trifling Amusements. Perhaps I even once thought that you were susceptible of a tender Passion. But after all, have you any Need of Love to actuate, and employ your Mind?—Do your numerous, and brilliant Assemblies;—does Play;—does the Theatre, and the many other publick Entertainments; those Objects of Vanity; of a frivolous Selfishness;—do they spare you any Hours for the noble Sentiments,
for

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 123
for the pleasing Melancholy of Love?—
No, Miss Rutland;—you are not in Love:
—You cannot be in Love:—And perhaps
I should congratulate you on your Exemption
from that most charming, but most
dangerous Passion.

For some Time I have doubted more
than ever on a disputed Point; I have
doubted whether Sensibility is a real Good.
Perhaps you are afraid of its Force; per-
haps you fly Solitude, because it is there
kept alive, and strengthened: Perhaps
you frequent the gay World; because
there the Effects of Sensibility are weak-
ened, and destroyed. In the Noise of Ci-
ties; amidst the Splendour of Courts, we
escape a natural; a strong, and indissoluble
Attachment;—the Charm, and the Tor-
ment of retired Life! Is it not the greatest
Imprudence to make our Happiness, our
Health, our Existence, depend on *one* Ob-
ject; and consequently to live in a perpe-
tual Alarm for Events which may deprive
us of that Object for ever? While we are,

with Rapidity, carried round by the public Vortex, the Mind is amused, in so quick a Succession, by a moving Picture, where a thousand Images are pourtrayed, effaced, and painted afresh, that it hardly retains even a confused Remembrance of the momentary Objects which are continually meeting the Eye, and disappearing.

I send you inclosed a Letter which I had lately from Lady L. She is mistaken, as you will see; for she imagines that *I have Influence on your Heart*. My Answer, I think, must have convinced her of her Error. Notwithstanding your Indifference with Regard to the Lottery, where, it seems, *you have run so small a Risk*, I sincerely wish that your Gain may be great. If you have not Luck, your *Disinterestedness* will console me for your bad Fortune. Yet perhaps I shall feel that bad Fortune more than yourself. *Your Losses* will always be *mine*. They must affect me very sensibly as your Guardian and Protector; but *still far more sensibly*, as your FRIEND.

LET-

L E T T E R X X X .

L O R D R I V E R S T O S I R C H A R L E S
C A R D I G A N .

DR. Blainey then assures you that Uniformity marks the Character of the French; that when you have seen one Frenchman, you have seen the whole Nation. That acute, and judicious Observer reminds me of Mr. Richards, your old Neighbour, who, after he had taken it into his Head to visit France, and had staid six Days in Paris, went to take his Leave of the English Ambassadour, and asked him if he had any Commands for London? What said the Ambassadour, will you leave us so soon? You are not called home, I hope, in Consequence of any disagreeable Event? —No, my Lord, replied Richards; but in Fact, I find no Variety here to keep me alive. What the Devil can one do in a

curst Town, where there is nothing to see,
nor to eat *?

I own, my Friend, I have not the comprehensive, and decisive Mind of your Doctor. There seems to me to be such a Variety of Character in the Inhabitants of this Capital, that my Remarks of To-day make me doubt the Validity of my Observations of Yesterday—that my Ideas are so far from being arranged and fixed, that they are ever new and transitory.

The Spirit of Party which divides us, and which is thought our distinguishing, national Spirit, by People of little Reflection,—is the natural, and necessary Effect of two Powers, which are continually endeavouring to keep in a delicate, political Equilibrium. Here that Spirit arises merely from a Diversity of Opinions, and

* The French are as immoderately addicted to Eating as the English. That They are not so intemperate in that Way as the English, is a vulgar Error.

only

only produces frivolous Disputes, and childish Animosities. All the Classes that form the State, seem to be so many little separate Nations. They entertain a reciprocal Fear, Contempt, and Hatred.

United by political Conventions ; disunited by Ambition ; and again mutually attracted by Interest ; they have their Cessations of Hostilities ; their short Truces : But all the Parties are perpetually observing one another with a jealous Eye ; each is preparing to defend itself against Encroachments which are soon expected ; to assert its Rights ; and to extend its Prerogatives by invading those of its Rivals.

The Conduct of private Societies resembles the Enmity that subsists among all the Orders of the State. Every one highly esteems the Circle in which he lives ; and ridicules *those* into which he is not admitted. An Act which is severely blamed in one House, is applauded in another. An Event that seems essentially to affect all

the Citizens of the Community, makes infinitely various Impressions. It is viewed in a thousand different Lights; it is attributed to a thousand different Causes; and discordant, but positive Assertions are urged that it will produce many Consequences incomprehensible, and contradictory. As I wish to be complaisant, and respectful to those who honour me with their Acquaintance, I have often, in the Morning, from a Reverence for the Laws of Politeness, joined with a Company of twenty People in admiring a new political Arrangement; which, in the Evening, by the same Laws, I have found myself obliged to condemn; and to seem struck with severe Amazement at the astonishing Revolution.

What I write concerning Paris, may, perhaps, be remarked of all the Capitals of Europe. I cannot resolve the Questions of my Lord Bellasis. I do not comprehend his Ideas. From my Residence here, and in every other Part of the World
 where

where I have been, I infer, that human Nature is, in all Countries, essentially the same:—That under some Governments, its Energies are neglected, or restrained; under others, they are actuated, and expanded;—but that every Government, from its peculiar Form, produces a Mixture of Virtue, and Vice; of Wisdom, and Folly. If in our British Dominions; if in the other Territories through which I have travelled, there are distinct national Characters forcibly impressed, they have escaped my Examination. If you wish to have this Point elucidated, desire Dr. Blainey to travel; for *his* Penetration far exceeds mine *.

You tell me, Charles, that you are the happiest Being that exists!—Believe me, I rejoice at the Information. My Heart enjoys the Praises you give to my fair Re-

* See this Declamation, with which Lord Rivers would establish the Similarity of national Characters, refuted in a Note to the Thirteenth Letter of the First Volume.

lation. I own I feared she would not make so sudden, so complete, and so excellent a Change in her Behaviour to *you*. Unfortunately for *my* Satisfaction, her Conduct towards your Friend is more permanent, and consistent.—This Angel of Light to *you*, is an evil Genius to *me*!

L E T T E R XXXI.

MISS RUTLAND TO LORD RIVERS.

DISSIPATED—giddy—often reprehensible for Want of a delicate Respect—Incapable of distinguishing—Incapable of Attachment—Is this really my Character, my Lord!—Well;—if it *is*, I do not dislike it.—If the Portrait truly resembles the Original, I thank Heaven for having given me a very happy Nature. It will not, perhaps, render me very useful to Society; but it will not make me a mischievous Being. As I am convinced that our own Happiness is our first, and most indispensable Care, I am by no Means mortified to conclude, from the Constitution of my Mind, that I shall ever be engaged in innocent, and attainable Pleasure;—that I shall never be distracted by some strong Affection;—that I shall never depend on

the Sentiments, and Will of another for the Blifs of my Life.

I gratefully accept your Congratulations on my Insensibility; which you recriminate against me in *one* Page; and for which you praise me in another. *Your* Theory of Conduct is perfectly coincident with *mine*. Yes, my Lord;—to view the moving Picture without interesting ourselves in its Objects; without any dangerous Emotion;—to let the Images *lessen* to the *Mind*, as they glide from the *Eye*;—in this central, and guarded Situation we securely enjoy an amusing Scene;—we run no Risk of fretting on the Stage ourselves, and entertaining the Multitude.

I know not which of us has more Cause to complain of the Style of the other. I will not defend mine: But is *yours*, my Lord, always sensible, always polite? You reproach me with Indifference; with Want of Sentiment, and Passion.—Suppose this Constitution of Mind is a
bad

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 133

bad one, is it worthy of a Philosopher to reprehend me for an irremediable Defect of Nature? You observe that the Man is not to be envied who pleases *me*. Is this Language obliging; is it gallant, my Lord? Surely you had, with great Zeal, adopted my Sister's Plan: You certainly had been very desirous that I should marry Sir Edmond whom I could not love! Is it possible that you should be displeased with me for refusing *Him*? Yes—I know I have offended you.—It is a great Misfortune: But I could not avoid it without encountering a greater.

I cannot comprehend why Lady L. took the Trouble to write to you. I thought, another Sollicitation for her Nephew would not have been obtruded on me; after the distinct, and positive Answer which I gave to her Application in his Favour. But *my* Persecution is never to have an End. Am I to have Nothing proposed to me but Matches? Am I to hear of Nothing but Husbands? Would to God that I had a
Wand

Wand of Conjurat[i]on ! I would subject the World to my Power. I would govern the Universe ! I would change the Order of Things ; I would give it a thorough Reformation. I would annihilate Love, and Marriage, and all their odious Consequences. But the World, methinks I hear you say, would soon end, if it became the Sport of your Caprice. What then ?— I would make it last while I lived ; and on the Termination of my Existence, it would be of no Consequence, to *me*.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

LORD RIVERS TO MISS RUTLAND.

WILL you always write in a ludicrous, and evasive Style?—Will you never be serious; will you never reason? Will you seize every Opportunity malignantly to misinterpret Inadvertence of Language, or Openness of Heart?—Indeed, Miss Rutland, you restrain Confidence; you distress Friendship. Why do you adopt contemptible, and ungenerous Qualities, with which, while I charge your Practice, I believe they proceed not from your real Character; but are the inconsiderate Effects of that Independence, of which you too far extend both the Privileges, and the Exertion?

What narrow, what selfish Ideas you entertain!—You will not then contribute, as far as you can, to the Happiness of Society,

ciety, for the many Advantages; for the many Blessings it affords you?—You think the World was formed for *your* Amusement!—You acknowledge that you are haughty; obdurate;—that you regard nothing but your own Interest; and will you not endeavour to correct such a Disposition?—This Declaration of your Principles, and your Conduct, must impress with very melancholy Sentiments the Hearts of those by whom you are loved:—It must wither; it must annihilate their most blooming Hopes.

I have suffered much Vexation, and Disappointment by interesting myself warmly in your Welfare:—For I have often found that it was not in my Power to promote your Happiness, either by a just Representation of important Truths, or by an implicit Obedience to your Will.

Did *I* adopt your Sister's Plan with great Zeal?—You are extremely mistaken. I never earnestly wished to see you Lady
 Blan-

Blanford. I could never have accosted you by that Title without Regret; perhaps not without more painful Feelings. Are you surprized at this Avowal?—Favour me with your Attention; let not your Ideas wander;—I will fix them as far as I can, without violating the Secret of a Friend.

At the Time when the Hopes of the Baronet were strongest, a Heart that was deeply wounded with your Charms, opened itself to *me*. That Heart was inflamed with an ardent, and a generous Passion. I have often reproached myself with the Partiality which I indulged for this Lover. Many Times when I was going to communicate to you the Tendernefs of my Friend, the Promise which I had made to the Baronet restrained my Tongue, while my Soul was anxious to impart the Secret. Though I was thus obliged to refuse my Assistance to the unfortunate Rival, I promised that I would use all my Influence with you to serve him, if the Baronet

ronet should be disappointed. Your Rupture with him has restored my Liberty:— I now have it in my Power to *peak*. But should I do a *Favour* to this Man who loves you, if by *my* Interest he was mixed with the Herd of your Slaves; if he was ruled with a Sceptre of Iron; if he was destined to the most exquisite of Torments? No, Miss Rutland: I will never expose to such dreadful Misfortunes the only one of your Lovers in whose Happiness I am deeply interested. He will find great Difficulty in detaching his Affections from *you*: But I have stimulated him to begin the arduous Task; and I am almost certain that you will be obliged to *me* for preventing all Intrusion, and Impertinence from one of your Lovers.

Believe me, the Path of Life which you have chosen, leads not to innocent, and attainable Pleasure. The longer you continue in it, the more will you find it painful, and fatiguing. By totally separating
your

your Interest from that of others; by attempting to break the delicate, and invincible Chain which connects the Creation; you undoubtedly prepare for yourself a singular, but certainly a very miserable Existence. The Part of a Spectator may be pleasing for some Time;—while Novelties vary the passing Scene. But after we have viewed the whole Round of amusive Objects, their uniform Repetition is dead to the Eye, and yet deader to the Mind. We no longer laugh at the Weaknesses of human Nature; they excite our Peevishness, and Chagrin:—We are shocked at Folly; we are irritated by Contradiction: Absurdity raises our Indignation. We are displeased with every Thing; we are fretful, and misanthropical: We hate, and we are hated. In short, we quit the World in which (that we might be remarked for Singularity) we have lived detached from its best Connexions, with the gloomy Reflexion, that, after a few Years of superficial Pleasure,

we

we only met with Objects that gave us
Languor, Disgust, and Pain.

Do you expect any Compliments on
your Plan of universal Reformation?—It
is, indeed, extremely sensible, disinterested,
and humane.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXXIII.

LORD RIVERS TO SIR CHARLES
CARDIGAN.

HOW can you, my Friend, exclaim in Language of such Warmth, and Surprize, against the Weakness of Arthur! How can it excite your Indignation! His Conduct, you say, is altogether inconsistent with his Principles. What then?—You thought him a reasonable, you find him a foolish Being. You have only to pity his Depravity; to forget the good Opinion which you had formed of him prematurely; to recover from the Astonishment of Puerility, and Inexperience; and to subdue Resentment by Reflexion.

How are you convinced that Arthur deceived you?—Are you sure that he did not deceive himself? Perhaps his moderate Income restrained the Current of his Dispo-

Disposition; perhaps it concealed that Disposition from himself;—kept him unacquainted with his Desires, and his Taste. As it was impossible for him to gratify his natural, though latent Inclinations, he had never accustomed his Imagination to dwell on Objects that were placed far beyond his Reach. He fancied himself a Lover of Moderation, and Simplicity;—an Enemy to Pomp, and to those artificial and various Pleasures which are only enjoyed by Men in Affluence. But an unexpected Inheritance broke the Fetters that enchained his Passions; and gave him the fatal Power to spurn a decent, and sober Conduct; and to rush into Absurdity, Insolence, and Vice. And *you*, without reflecting that Fortune hath not changed, but only developed his Nature;—you exclaim against the Age; against Wealth;—you detest, you execrate Gold; you call it the great Corrupter of our Manners; the Bane of weak Humanity; and in the intemperate Warmth of your rapid Declamation, you forget that you are rich yourself;

self; that this *vile* Metal is, in *your* Hands, a lenient Balm; a sovereign Panacea, which mitigates the most acute Pains; and by enabling you to perform the most effectual, and extensive Acts of Benevolence, hath often afforded you the purest, and the noblest Enjoyment of the human Soul.

Remember the glorious Day on which you raised a modest, a patient, and virtuous Family from extreme Distress, to Independence, and to Joy. Remember your Visit to *me*, just after you had performed the God-like Deed:—Remember the sacred Embrace with which you folded me in your Arms;—the Luxury of your Tears; and your enthusiastick Exclamation!—“ Oh! my Friend!—Would to God that all the Treasures of the East
“ were mine!”

In Fact, Charles, Mankind are not corrupted by Gold. It gives bad Men, indeed, the Power of bringing the Seeds of Vice to a rank and luxuriant Growth:

But

But it never can seduce the noble Heart from the Path of Honour.

Believe me, my Friend, Wealth is the most substantial, and desirable Good that Art has devised, for the Convenience, and Happiness of civil Life. It will not secure us from all Evils; but it will diminish their Number; and make it easier for us to forget those pungent Calamities, of which the painful Sentiment is prolonged by Indigence. The Rich, and the Poor seem equally to lament the Death of a beloved Object; seem to feel the same Severity of Grief. But, on such an Event, how is the Sorrow of the one softened, and that of the other aggravated, by different Reflexions! The one consoles himself with this Reflexion—"I tried every Thing: I *did* every Thing that could be done to save him."—The Distress of the other is exasperated by an opposite Recollection:—"Perhaps if he had received the Assistance which I could not afford to procure for him, his Life might have been preserved."

Give

Give me Leave to tell you that your angry Exclamations against the Perverseness of the Age are ridiculous. Whence have you adopted the Idea, that formerly Men thought, or acted, better than they do at present? You certainly took it not from History. I allow that the oldest Writer we know treats his Cotemporaries as a degenerate Race; and that in every Age the present Progeny are charged with new, and depraved Manners; with having lost all the glorious Virtue of their Ancestors. But read the dismal Annals of human Nature; they will present to you in all Times, at least, *substantially*, the Vices which now subsist; the Virtues which are now exerted. Different Ages have been distinguished by different Errours. Our Forefathers have successively changed their Laws, their Customs, their Notions, their Prejudices, and their Modes. But his *Nature*, Charles! can Man change his Nature? Is it not the last Extreme of Folly to suppose that he *can*?

Attached to the Age in which I was born, I will not join my Voice to the Clamours of those pretended Sages, who decry the present Times merely from Irritability, and Impatience of Temper. I anticipate, with Pleasure, the Encomiums with which Posterity will honour the present *Æra*; Encomiums which are now denied it, only because it *exists*. Our Descendants, I doubt not, will praise our Modesty, our Disinterestedness, our Equity, our Intellect, and our Wit:—The Regularity of our Manners;—perhaps the Austerity of our Principles: And in Imitation of their Predecessors, will propose *Us* as respectable Models of every Quality that is good, and of every Talent that is great.

Adieu: Cease to be disconcerted for the Impertinence of Arthur. Let not a virtuous, but too exquisite Sensibility, suffer that mental Agitation, and Torment, which one could wish, were only the Concomitants of Vice.

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 147

LETTER XXXIV.

LADY CARDIGAN TO LORD RIVERS.

THIS *Angel of Light* is always an evil Genius to me! And this very poetical Language is the Language of Ingratitude. Have a Care:—Do not weaken my Good-Will. Perhaps I hold the Thread that is to guide you in the Labyrinth, which you fancy you have not yet entered; and in which I see you are already losing your Way. Your Expressions present a thousand Ideas to me; many of which are soon dissipated by your singular Conduct. I must be better informed than I am at present. Be ingenuous, my dear Cousin: Answer my Questions with Frankness, and Accuracy.

I must first intreat you to acquaint me with the true Reasons of your Rupture

with Lady Laurence. No Body gave Credit to the Tale which was contrived to satisfy the Curiosity of the Publick. No Difficulty, or Debate on a Point of Interest could make *you* retract your Engagement on the Day when you were to sign the Marriage-Articles, which had been drawn a considerable Time before the pretended Quarrel. Then we all know that you are rich, and generous; and that you loved the Lady:—Would you then have differed with her about the Augmentation of her Settlement? Impossible! The Quarrel was concerted between her Mother, and you. *She* showed no Resentment against *you*: But she banished her Daughter to a remote Province, where she yet feels the Displeasure of her Family. The Story that is spread abroad is false. I insist on your giving me a true and circumstantial Account of the whole Affair.

You must likewise tell me as exactly as you can, when the Pain was removed from your Breast, which had been occasioned by
1
this

this Accident; if the Charms of another Lady did not contribute to efface from your Heart the Image of Lady Laurence;—why you so abruptly left England;—whether your Mind was actuated by Sensibility, or in a State of Indifference when you left us;—what Good you expected from a Change of Climate; if you are now tranquil, or agitated; free, or engaged;—in short, what are at present the real Feelings of your Soul; and why you continue so long in Paris?

Are you not ready to ask—"But why this female Inquisition?"—Hush! not a Word of Interrogatory. I must not resolve your Question; the Answer cannot be written—'tis an impenetrable Secret.

LETTER XXXV.

LORD RIVERS TO LADY CARDIGAN.

AT the first of your Questions I am astonished. Is it proper; is it *honourable*, to endeavour to extort from me the Secret of a Woman? How can you allow yourself to commit a Fault, of which you have so severely accused *me*? Is it not iniquitous in you to spread such a Snare for my Integrity? And if it was caught in that Snare, should I still preserve your Esteem?

From the Discoveries which you exact of me, you would not learn the actual Situation of my Mind. The Sentiments with which it was formerly agitated, were very different from its present Emotions. Let us leave past Events under the sacred Veil by which they are concealed. I do not owe Sincerity to those who inquire of me into
Facts

Facts in which I am not alone concerned: In *my* moral Theory, I may dispense with being ingenuous, and open, whenever, by being explicit, I should betray.

I ceased to love Lady Laurence when I no longer thought she was formed to make me happy. At the Time of our Rupture, *her* Image was not effaced from my Heart by any other. I was sorry for being obliged to quit her; but after I had quitted her, I regretted not a Loss. I left my Country from a Fear that I should receive new, and unfortunate Impressions there. Though I had detached myself from the Object of my Passion, I yet retained a Susceptibility to Love. I was yet attracted by fine Women: They seemed to possess *my* Sensibility; they seemed disposed to treat me with Generosity. My Soul had been so habituated to tender Impressions, that it was charmed with the lowest Degree of Attention from the Fair. I was determined to endeavour to dissipate this Magick;—

to try if I could not in France recover my Reason, and my Tranquillity.

You ask me if I am free, if I am disengaged?—You embarrass me more than you are aware. The more I examine myself, the more fearful I am of deceiving you; if I even answer you with all possible Sincerity. Must I communicate to you my real, and full Sentiments? Do I know myself what are my real Sentiments? Or am I acquainted with their Nature, and Tendency? By so mutable a Variety of Ideas and Impulses is human Nature diverted from Stability of Thought, and Action. What a surprizing Influence has that Variety on our Will; how often doth it change our Wishes; how momentary doth it make our Desires! What Yesterday transported us with Joy, To-morrow will yield us a very faint Pleasure:—Every Hour we are differently affected. I feel this Truth while I am committing it to Paper:—If I should give you a faithful Account

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 153

Account of the present State of my Mind, would *that* Account assure you what its Temper, and Inclinations will be, when you receive this Letter?

I enjoy the Society of many charming Women, not one of whom is the Object of my particular Attention. In their Company I feel a general Pleasure; but no particular Affection. Is my Heart free? I know not. Judge whether it is or no, by the following Confession. A certain amiable Woman interests, and engages my Mind. Every Object with which I meet that in no Way resembles *Her*; or that has no Relation to *Her*, is to me indifferent; and therefore is by *me* unnoticed:—Such is the decisive Power of her Features, her Person, her Wit, and the Qualities of her Heart.—To *her* my Desires tend; and yet I seek not her Presence. I should wish to see her always; but I dare not see her for a Moment. I have not acquainted her with my Attachment; and yet I sometimes complain of her Neglect. I have

H 5

not

not entertained any sanguine Hopes of obtaining *her* Hand; but I am determined not to accept that of any other Woman.

Rank me not, from this Avowal, with your mean, and servile Creatures; with those melancholy Lovers who are unworthy of your Protection. I will never sink to that Class. Should my tender Affection grow to a strong Passion, I shall yet be sufficiently Master of myself to avoid the humiliating Situation which is often the Fate of rejected Love. She who perhaps now inspires me with the Passion, shall not be amused with my Weakness: she shall not ostentatiously triumph on her Victory; for she shall not improperly know that she hath conquered: She shall not abuse my assiduous Complaisance; the submissive Obedience of her unwary Captive:—I will not be a Dupe to the Mutability, and Inconsistency of her Caprice:—And I will spare her provident Generosity the Trouble of ingeniously animating my happy Hours before Marriage, as *you did* those of Sir Charles,

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 155

Charles, with all the Zest, and Poignancy of Love.

Ask me not whether this Lady is English, German, French, or Italian. No Influence; no Argument upon Earth, would induce me to answer the Question. *My Secret* is far more impenetrable than yours. My own Experience hath taught me how imprudent it is to speak out, when we are not sure of being favourably heard. It is to change an agreeable Acquaintance, a most pleasing Companion, and Friend, into a tyrannical Empress: It is to substitute the most rigorous Servitude for Kindness, and Respect. You must allow, my fair Cousin, if you will be sincere, that he who says to a pretty Woman, "My Pleasure; the Happiness of my Life depends on you"—puts a delicate Toy into the Hands of a Child, whom he warns, at the same Time, that it may be easily broken; on Purpose (if he was conversant with human Nature) to raise in the little Wanton, a Desire to dash it to Pieces, that he may try his Strength, and riot in his Power.

H 6

I have

I have sent off your Books: The Supplement to the List was added by a Gentleman whose literary Taste I have heard much commended. I hope Lady Ormond will be pleased with the little Collection.

Adieu, my dear Friend Forgive me if I have not completely satisfied your Curiosity. Be assured, while I live, of my sincere, and warm Affection.

LET.

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 157

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS RUTLAND TO LORD RIVERS.

I AM under a Necessity, my Lord, of requesting you to give Validity to an indispensable Engagement. Your Lawyer has just told me, that a Deed signed by me alone would be insufficient. Will you authorize me to settle an Annuity for Life on poor Mrs. Atkins? Her Infirmities, which are the Consequences of a long, and dangerous Malady, incapacitate her from any longer attending me. She now needs Herself *that* Care that she gave to me, in my tender Years, with such Fidelity, and Affection. As I feel much Gratitude for her Services, and Attachment, I intend, by making her Circumstances easy, to comfort the Weakness, and alleviate the Pains of her Age. She already has a little Income that I allow her from the yearly Sum which I appropriate to my Amusements:

—to that Income I wish to add an Annuity of forty Pounds. She is to retire into my Estate in Yorkshire, where she will live among her Friends, and have all proper Care. I shall keep her Niece; and Lady Cardigan has provided me with another Woman. I am much afflicted by this necessary Separation: I cannot think of parting with this affectionate, this good Creature, without the most pungent Grief. —Her Tears;—her silver Hairs, all the *Venerable* of Virtue in Decay, shake, and agonize my very Soul.

My Sister's Resentment against me is, at Length, extinguished. She has lately favoured me with a very affectionate Letter. But capricious, and parsimonious Fortune, to lessen the Satisfaction I should have felt on the Return of *her* Friendship, seems to have been industrious to destroy my brightest Hopes. The Object that most interested my Attention, has no longer any Relation to my Happiness. The Lottery is over: My Ticket came up a Blank; I
have

have lost my Venture. A malignant Star certainly presides over every Thing to which *I* affix any Value.—My Parrot has given me a cruel Bite—my Bullfinch has fled—I break my China—I tear, or burn my Cloaths;—and to complete my Misfortunes, I have made a Conquest of Sir George. Therefore you must now think me a Person of prodigious Consequence:—*I* am the Rival of Mankind.

LET
by the Post, given Directions to
Dinner to complete your desire in
 favour of Mrs. Aikin. It gives me the
 greatest

LETTER XXXVII.

LORD RIVERS TO MISS RUTLAND,

CAN it be true? Has the Object in whom your Heart was interested, and whose Motions you so accurately observed, no longer any Relation to you? What can be the Cause of this Revolution in your Fortune? How long is it since it happened? Your Ticket, you say, is a Blank?—May you not be mistaken? Are you sure of the Reality of your Disappointment? Can the Man who has Merit enough to fix Miss Rutland's Attention, be insensible of his Influence?—Can he be insensible of the Honour which is conferred on him by her Esteem?—You have left a Subject in Obscurity, which, I think, you might have elucidated to *me*.

I have, by this Post, given Directions to Burnet, to complete what you desire, in Favour of Mrs. Atkins. It gives me the
greatest

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 161

greatest Pleasure to find that you are just, grateful, and benevolent. Indeed, my dear Miss Rutland, you are a mysterious Being. The more one examines the separate Parts of your singular Composition, the more they appear inconsistent, and incompatible. Why cannot the *Mind's Eye* unite them into a Fair-one, as distinguished by Reason, as by other Charms!

The Conclusion of your Letter, I hardly have Patience enough to bear. After you had owned a Predilection by which you were so powerfully influenced that you refused many advantageous, and splendid Offers, how could you treat the Loss of your favourite Object with such Indifference? I am sorry to see that Pride checks the Flow of your generous Affections. To what Obstinacy; to what Absurdity of Conduct, may you not be misled by your Pride? Will you reap no Advantage from the Lustre of Youth, and Beauty; from those attractive Graces;—from that captivating Manner;—from the various,
and

and striking Charms with which you are adorned by Nature?—Must they, by your strange Inattention, or wilful Determination, prove useless to yourself, and dangerous to others? And must you, at Length, be deprived of them by Time, without ever having properly directed their Force, or estimated their Value? I dare not prosecute this disagreeable Subject. I feel that I should seize a Language of too much Warmth, and Resentment, if I wrote from the Impulse of those Ideas which you have excited in my Mind. Adieu.—May such Accidents as those which you enumerate at the Close of your Letter, be the severest Misfortunes you shall ever know!

L E T.

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 163

LETTER XXXVIII.

LORD RIVERS TO SIR CHARLES
CARDIGAN.

THE particular Account, my dear Charles, of your little Tour in Kent, gave me great Pleasure. But why do you charge yourself with Weakness for indulging the natural, the innocent, the laudable Feelings of the Heart?—If we feel a gentle, and sweet Emotion, when we view the Spot where we first saw the Light; when we survey those Objects which first attracted our Attention, we are only actuated agreeably to the Order of our Existence: For they recall to our Imagination the Sports of our Childhood; the Days of innocent Pleasure;—that happy Time, when our pure Joys were not embittered with the painful Remembrance of the past, nor with the solicitous Anticipation of the Future.

I was

I was highly pleased with your Description of the vast Mansion of your Ancestors;—of those old Oaks which have been respected by so many Winters; and at the Idea of whose Destruction your old Steward trembled, like the Soldiers of Cæsar. But if I venerate these awful Objects, I love the different Picture of the blooming Retreat of your Relation, whose little Territories you have nobly enlarged. How charming is the Image of that Retreat to Sentiment, and to Virtue!—The Abode of Wisdom, of Friendship, and of Love!—Nor can Life sink into a tedious, and melancholy Languor, amidst a numerous, and harmonious Family, who blend a Taste for the fine Arts with useful Occupations; and who make it one of the Objects of the Day, elegantly to plan, and diversify, the Amusements of the Evening.

I was struck with your Reflections on the Happiness of your Friend. They are just; and therefore they must be adopted

by

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 163

by every sensible Mind. Yes; without Doubt; from the Force of Education, of Prejudice, and Example, we neglect genuine, and substantial, for artificial, and imaginary Good; we pursue the Path in which we have been taught to walk, and which we see pursued by others. We are hurried round by the Vortex of the World, which we make but weak Efforts to resist. We sometimes intend; we sometimes resolve, to live agreeably to our own Reason, and Taste; but the Resolution dies away;—we live on, in the Manner of the Multitude; and still pursuing a chimerical Felicity, which we think Felicity, because it is remote, we, at Length, reach the Goal of our unfortunate, and inglorious Career, without having lost, or gratified our Desire to be happy;—a Desire which is always felt, but always disappointed, while it depends on others; while we fix it on external Objects, and derive it not from our own moral Exertion, and from the primitive Laws of our Nature. I have known few Men of Business

ness who did not ardently wish for Ease, and Tranquillity. I have known few Men, after they had retired from important, and arduous Employment, who did not lament, in the quiet Shade, their Perplexities, and their Evils.

Your Letter, which was written with such a noble Warmth, and which was so well calculated to exalt the Imagination of your Friend, would not produce the same Effect on the Mind of a Frenchman. Here the Rich, and the Great, are little conversant with the Charms of domestick Life; with the *true, internal* Happiness; independent of that Pomp, and Splendour, which delude us with its false, and fantastick Image. In Paris, the Peace, and Sunshine of the Soul are inconsiderately sacrificed to the Meteors of Vanity; and I believe I may, with Justice, observe of the French, that they are less industrious to *be* than to *seem* happy.

Your

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 167

Your Question affects me; for it is marked with the Sympathy of a Friend. I wish to deposit all my Secrets in *your* generous Bosom: But I find by your Letters that you keep Nothing a Secret from Lady Cardigan. Neither France nor Britain ever produced a more amiable, or a more tormenting Creature. You say she has my Happiness at Heart: But does that consist with her Conduct?—She provokes;—she distresses me.—I dread her Penetration; her Advice; perhaps, her Friendship! I never was so much displeased with myself, and with the World, as since the Time when my zealous Cousin began to make *my* Happiness an Object of *her* own.—Adieu.

I find not this you wish is the Lady's
Cousin with whom you are conversing
Why should I tell what I know already?
—The German Women are in general
haughty and proud;—the Italian, lively
and amorous;—the French, polite, and
elegant: You dread Misses, and
Rallies:—The Beauty, then, who can

LET-

L E T T E R X X X I X .

LADY CARDIGAN TO LORD RIVERS.

YOUR Conduct is erroneous, and impolitick. A partial Confidence wounds Friendship; whets Curiosity; but changes its Motives. After we have asked Questions with a Design to oblige, without receiving Satisfaction, we feel a strong Propensity to punish an ungenerous Diffidence;—to convince the cold, and timorous Dissembler, that though he may be very artful, he is not impenetrable.

I shall not ask you which is the Lady's Country with whom you are enamoured. Why should I ask what I know already? —The German Women are, in general, honest, and frank;—the Italian, lively, and amorous;—the French, polite, and engaging: You dread Haughtiness, and Raillery:—The Beauty, then, who capti-
vates

vates you, is an Englishwoman. I applaud your patriotick Taste; but I extremely disapprove that Spirit of Mutiny, and Rebellion, of which you are vain. To fly from the Place of her Abode;—to keep your Passion a Secret from the World, and from *Her*;—to withdraw from her the Knowledge of the Power which is given her by Love:—and consequently to deprive her of the Facility of exercising that Power;—this is absolute Contumacy against the Prerogatives of the whole Sex; it amounts to Felony; to a High-Treason:—It is criminal in the last Degree:—It deserves a capital, and exemplary Punishment.

I know not whether Love, or the Climate of France has changed your social, and agreeable Temper:—But I know that for some Time you have been in a very bad Humour. Your Letters are full of peevish, and repeated Reflexions; of insipid, and formal Morality. Miss Rutland

will not write to you more; she will not be more explicit with you on the Event of the Lottery. Her Ticket is come up—Nothing is more true : —She tells you it is a Blank : Nothing is more false. To terminate this flat Allegory, I boldly and confidently assure you that she is ardently loved by the Man whose Homage was the Wish of her Heart, and the Ambition of her Soul. She yet has her Doubts : *I have none.* The Lover himself has opened his Sentiments to *me* : I know their Substance, and their Extent. The incredulous Girl accepts them not as certain; but still finds them defective, and obscure.—They are our Subject of continual Disputation.

A Heart that is deeply impressed with her Charms, hath disclosed its Affection to you. A Conjecture (it is more than a Conjecture) arises in my Mind. What would you say if your Friend, whose Attachment you think it your Duty to break, was the
very

very Object of her Observation : of her minute Attention ? You certainly would make a fine Confusion, if you disengaged that Heart which is so deeply impressed : A Revolution, which, I apprehend, will not be effected. Your Friend is undoubtedly a reasonable Man : But I am sorry that I cannot give a consistent Account of the Person on whom Miss Rutland hath fixed her Affection. He possesses estimable Qualities, and attractive Appendages : He has Birth, Fortune, Wit, a fine Person, and charming Features : But, between you and me, I fear he wants common Sense ; that safe, and useful Viaticum through Life.

You might, perhaps, be at a Loss for an Answer, if I asked you why you told that little Anecdote to your Ward ? Do you think you entertain her politely, by acquainting her with the impertinent Motives which induce you to conceal from *her* the Sentiments that she inspires ?—

And can your Friend think himself obliged to you for your officious, for your blundering Zeal?—What did he risk by declaring his Passion?—Approbation, or Rejection. At the Worst, he was but playing a Game, at which he might lose, or win. Your provident Regard for his Welfare hath decided his Fate. Like the humane Companion of another sequestered Being, of whom we read, you have kindly knocked your Friend on the Head, to prevent the Pain he might have felt from the Bite of a Fly.

I am, then, amiable, and tormenting! I value myself most on the second Quality, because it is *acquired*. The former insures me Friends; the latter, Amusements. If I really have the good Fortune to unite both, they give Variety, and Expression to my Character; and render my Society more lively, and poignant. Often good; sometimes too fond of Mischief;—always acting from the Impulse of my own Mind;

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 173

Mind ;—I have lived to myself ever since Reason enlightened my Life ; and I should dread to close it like those weak, and fervile Imitators, whom, in some of your Letters, you describe to Sir Charles.

A-propos ! — Do you know that his Cousin Will had almost turned his Head ? My poor Husband ! On his Return from Kent, he so thoroughly detested the Pleasures of the Town ; and was so charmed with rural Life, that I expected our Villa would be turned into a Cottage ; our Horses into Sheep ; and that we were to tend Flocks, and dance on the flowery Turf, to the soft Musick of an Arcadian Pipe. Happily for our present Establishment, *my* Raillery ; an elegant, and joyous Ball ; and the celestial Musick of the new Opera, have effaced from his Fancy the simple Imagery of rustick Sports ; of the innocent Pleasures of the pastoral Shade.

Adieu. Have I told you that Miss Rutland will not write to you?—She is very well:—She is not particularly employed: But she will not write to you more!

L E T-

L E T T E R XL.

LORD RIVERS TO LADY CARDIGAN.

IF a suspicious Reserve wounds Friendship; mysterious Expressions, which can only be meant to disquiet, wound it more. You talk to me of a Secret:—You insinuate, that it is intimately connected with my Happiness:—If you are not at Liberty to reveal it, why do you excite in me a painful Curiosity? You cannot think *my* Silence reprehensible. He who is interrogated, has a Right to avow, or to suppress those Facts by which he may be injured. Of this Right I will be tenacious, notwithstanding all your Complaints, and Reproaches;—and should you even sit in formal Judgement on my Offence;—should I be condemned to the utmost Rigour of the female Laws; I will never declare whether the Lady whom I love is of my own Country, or a Foreigner.

Perhaps I keep not this Secret without some Conflict with my Heart; but whenever one, of two Evils, is my necessary Alternative, I shall always prefer *that* which will not violate my Independence: For I would rather be made miserable by my own Vanity, than by the ostentatious Barbarity of another.

Your Censure of my little Anecdote would be well-founded, if Lovers were agreeable to Miss Rutland. When I wrote to her, I knew not what induced me to insert that Anecdote in my Letter. But why do *you* tell *me*, with an affected Repetition, that Miss Rutland will not write to me more?—She may cease to write to me whenever she pleases: For indeed her Letters have not been very interesting. The Correspondence that is not expanded, and animated with Confidence, and Friendship, might as well, not exist.

The Man, you say, on whom she hath fixed her Affection, has not *common Sense*.

Are

Are you serious?—If you *are*, all your Diffidence, and Caution are necessary. *A reasonable Man!* Is any Man reasonable who is in Love? I am not so dexterous as the Bear was, at knocking down. That Friend who fell by my Hand, is yet all Life, and Impatience. My Influence over him is every Day weaker: And I fear, he will soon be betrayed by his own Heart. In your Picture, however, I see Little of the Original with whom I am so well acquainted. You say, he has much Wit, a fine Person, and charming Features: Your Description, then, resembles not *my Friend*.

But Miss Rutland's Errour I cannot comprehend. On what was *her* Certainty, on what is *yours* grounded? She was mistaken: Are not *you* mistaken too?—In what a Complication of Errour may you be involved! *She doubts—you are confident:—* Nothing can persuade *Her*, you are *convinced*: Here is a most embarrassing Enigma: Were I to desire you to explain it to me, I dare say I should find you the very

Amusement you would wish. But why should it raise my Curiosity?

Tell your Friend that without writing to *me* she cannot be happy; but that by a Line from *her* Hand she may obtain of me whatever is in my Power to grant. I shall, without Hesitation, crown with Success the Hopes of the Man who possesses her Affections. I might again remind her of the Bird, whose Misfortune, she said, she would avoid, by not following his Example. Wit—charming Features—a Want of common Sense!—This Composition may portend the Fate of the Heron.

LET-

L E T T E R XLI.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD RIVERS.

AS the Letters of an indolent Person commonly begin with an Apology, perhaps you will scarce believe me when I tell you that I had a Fever when I came hither; that I have kept my Bed three Weeks; my Room to this Moment; and that I have only so far recovered that I hope I shall be able to embark before the End of this Month.

My Brother could not give you this Intelligence. He received an Account of my Fever, and of my Recovery by the same Post. Had he been sooner apprized of my Illness, his fraternal Affection, and Anxiety would certainly have brought him to this Place. I thought it was ungenerous to incommode him to no Purpose; and to give him the Pain of being absent.

for some Time, from a Woman whom he adores; and who is certainly worthy of the ardent Passion that she inspires. We had formed a wrong Judgement of her Sentiments when we concluded that she would treat her Husband as imperiously as she treated her Lover. Do you remember our Conspiracies against that Lady Mary who was so haughty, so rigorous, so industrious, on all Occasions, as we supposed, to come to a Rupture with my Brother? We endeavoured to disengage him from *her* Chains, and attach him to Miss Lenster. Of what Happiness we should have deprived him, if our Scheme had succeeded! He finds, in his amiable Companion, the Vivacity, and Gaiety of a Mistress, dignified with a moral, and affectionate Desire to please; the Attention of a sincere Friend, ever studious to oblige. He was better guided by his own Heart than he would have been by our Prudence. My Friend! too much Precaution throws a Gloom over Life; and its Effects are not always good. We ought not too minutely
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to plan our Conduct by Reason, and Judgement: We should risk Something with Fortune; who, indeed, has but too large, and too capricious a Share in the Government of the World. You will think my present Strain of Speculation misapplied:—Perhaps it has a more proper Place in this Letter than you imagine.

Will you continue much longer in France? Is there yet a Change in none of your Relations to Society? Has not any Object Influence enough to recall you to London? You have promised me your Confidence;—I now demand it; and I demand it unreserved, and unbounded. Open to me your Soul. Tell me all its Torments, and Raptures, all its Varieties, and Gradations of Pain, and Pleasure, since it first felt the Passion of Love. I have a great Curiosity to know, by what Singularity of Conduct, or Fortune, a Person so accomplished as my Lord Rivers;—one whom we all know to be superiour to the Generality of Men;—one, who to a capti-
vating

vating Figure, unites all the Talents, and Graces of the Mind; one whose Nature is so gentle, and so tender; I would know by what a strange Fatality this Man has not yet derived his Happiness from his Sensibility; from a genial Flame, which, whenever he felt it, he must have communicated; and which, without reciprocating it, he must often have inspired.

In England it is thought that I have political Talents; and I am commissioned from that Country to open a very important Treaty. It will be difficult for me to conduct this Treaty with that Circumspection, and Dignity which the Power, by whom I am employed, will expect;—a Power who is very delicate in Points of Honour. I must urge its Interest without making its Pride condescend; I must conceal an intended Alliance under the Appearance of an intended Rupture; a peaceful Desire under the Menaces of War. This Negotiation is not agreeable to my Nature: For I hate all Dissimulation, and
Artifice.

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Artifice. No Matter. My Word is engaged : And I will perform what I have promised. I shall soon propose a Conference ;—I am now meditating the Form of the Preliminaries. I would, at present, enter more minutely into this Affair, were not my Head yet unfit for Matters of Business. I hope I shall soon be able to arrange my political Ideas. On my Return to London, I shall receive new Instructions, and larger Powers. In digesting the Articles of the Treaty, I shall have Recourse to your Assistance. For unless you improve, and befriend my Measures with your Penetration, and Advice, I already foresee that I shall not be able to discharge the Duty of an impartial Arbitress; to establish my Character of Ability in the Cabinet.

They tell me, that in the Height of my Fever, I talked much of Love, and Marriage. My Delirium was all in the tender, and tormenting Strain. In Truth, my Friend, if it is Weakness to love ; it is a far

far greater, because it is an unnatural Folly, to tear ourselves from the Object by which we are charmed; to deprive ourselves of the Pleasure of seeing that Object;—or to banish its Picture from our Imagination. I attribute my late Illness to the Efforts you have so much admired; and if *your* Heart is affected, I desire you not to imitate *my* dangerous Conflicts with Nature, and with Love.

I shall expect, with Impatience, the History of that susceptible Heart. Give me the Particulars of its History—Give me *your* Confidence—conceal Nothing;—no Reserve with your Friend. Be assured I shall make a prudent Use of your Frankness. Adieu, my amiable, my dear Friend. Direct for me in London. If the Wind is propitious, I shall be there in ten Days.

LET-

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L E T T E R XLII.

LORD RIVERS TO LADY ORRERY.

I HAD been favoured by Sir Charles with the Intelligence which is confirmed by your Letter; and I received, my dear Lady Orrery, with extreme Pleasure, that second Assurance of your Recovery. I hope I need not tell you how particularly I am interested in your Health, which, indeed is invaluable to all your Friends.

Your Return to London would be a Motive which would determine *mine*; were not that Motive thwarted by an Obstacle which hath long existed. In some Respects, my Situation *is* changed. A certain Event hath almost prevailed with me to discover Sentiments which many Reasons urge me to suppress. I am afraid of myself; I am detained here by a weak Heart, and by a wavering Mind. For a
long

long Time every Thing has opposed, and baffled my Hopes :— I have met with Nothing to soothe me ;—Nothing to restore my Peace. My agitated Soul is the Dupe of my Imagination, which is always employed, but never fixed. What I most wish I dare not endeavour to obtain. My Ideas of Happiness are changing every Day. When I have the free Use of my Reason, it reduces those Ideas to faint Hopes ; which, by more serious Reflexion are quite annihilated. I then infer, that Peace, a perfect Tranquillity, is our sovereign Good. At another Time, the least Fear that I shall lose a flattering, and beautiful Illusion, afflicts, torments, distracts me with the most tumultuous Passions. I am torne with Jealousy ; it excites in me that Indignation, that Despair, which withers the Existence of a slighted Lover. I almost hate an Object whom I have but loved too well. I accuse her of Insensibility ! What Want of Generosity ! What Injustice !—What Madness !—I reproach a Woman with Obduracy, who softens not Pains.

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Pains of which she hath never been informed; who exchanges not Vows that she hath never heard; who is not affected with ingenuous, and tender Sentiments which I have never addressed either to her Heart, or to her Ear.

Can I thus, without a Blush, expose to my fair Friend a Soul that is so little regulated by Self-Government?—You will find by the Confidence which you have required of me, and which I shall repose in you, that you are infinitely my Superiour in Philosophy. A Kind of Fatality hath always controuled my Connexions with your Sex. The History of my Heart is rather, in its Events, ridiculous. Why you insist that I should recite it, I cannot tell: However, I shall obey you without Hesitation. You wish to have the Particulars of this History; at the Risk of being cold and tedious, I shall now comply with your Desire.

Permit

Permit me to pass over my first Adventures with Rapidity.—Permit me not to recall circumstantially that inglorious Time of my Life, when seduced by Passions, and emboldened by Example, I insatiably pursued Pleasure, but only embraced its delusive, and meretricious Image;—when my Days elapsed in that volatile, and brilliant Intoxication, which lays Reason asleep, and charms the Senses;—which, when it is dissipated, leaves behind it, either a keen Regret that we have lost its gay Delirium; or Shame, and Remorse, for having been to that Delirium a Prey.

I was not twenty Years of Age when Disgust, and Reflexion awoke me from my turbulent Dream. But when I was quite awake, I found, in my Heart, a dreary, an intolerable Void! As I was born with a susceptible, and tender Nature, I thought this Void would be best informed and animated by Love. But then the sincere, the delicate, the refined Love was *my* Object! The Love which is guarded by
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Confidence, and exalted by Esteem ! Sentiment most soothing, and most delightful ! Thou art far preferable to every *other* sublunary Good ! Thou art an inexhaustible Source of various Pleasures, and of permanent Bliss !—Thou callest forth the ingenuous Mind irresistably, when every weaker Persuasion fails, to Virtue, and to Glory !

Determined for ever to avoid any Commerce with those Women who are trained by Interest to indulge our Vices—already serious ;—even philosophical in some Degree—I now thought that a close, and accurate Inquiry into the distinguishing Characteristicks of that Sex from which I anticipated the chief Happiness of my Life, should precede the Choice of an Object worthy of my Affection. Never did a Study cost me more Application, or was more unsuccessful. I began it while I travelled, and I continued it in my own Country. The first Effect of my Speculations was, that I committed a palpable Blun-

Blunder. I was imposed upon by the Affectation of an impertinent Prude. I payed her my most attentive Affiduities; and I should soon have been an irretrievable Victim to a most preposterous Passion, had I not discovered in this peerless Princess of Toboso, a vulgar Taste; Austerity without Principle moral, or religious;—all the Trappings of Virtue, without an Atom of its Essence. In short, she had not one Quality that was truly amiable. I broke off my Connexion; but I soon fell into another Errour, which was, unfortunately, of longer Duration.

Mrs. Surrey, a rich Widow, and the Mother of two charming Daughters, after having resided many Years in Carolina, came to fix in London. The Beauty, and the Fortune of the Miss Surreys were the Subject of the Town, and of the Court. The publick Places which They frequented were more crouded than ever; they were followed with that extravagant Ardour, which, notwithstanding human

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Vanity, tires, and offends the Object of an indiscreet Curiosity. At first the Publick were divided in the comparative Opinion of their Charms; but the Elder soon won the Preference: To *Her* the Suffrages of the Town gave the Palm of Beauty.

Whilst they engaged the Attention of the Capital, I was in the Country; whence I returned to London when it was late in the Season. The very Day after I arrived in Town, I saw, by Accident, Mrs. Surrey, and her Daughters. They were very intimate with a female Relation of mine, who had already planned a Match between one of her young Friends, and *me*. I had conversed but a few Minutes with those two amiable Sisters, when I thought I saw in the Elder, the charming Companion who was destined to make me happy for Life.

Emilia (for that was her Name) shone with all the Lustre of Youth, and Beauty. Her personal Charms had acquired Ease, and Attraction from the Graces: Her Under-

derstanding was fine, and well cultivated; her excellent natural Endowments were improved with all the Advantages of Education. She was well practised in the Art military of her Sex: But she had the greater Art to conceal it under an Air of Ease, and Simplicity; which so agreeably, and elegantly veils the Desire to please, and to subdue. She received the Homage of universal Admiration without the least Appearance of Presumption.—Her Voice was gentle, and harmonious;—she showed a Diffidence of her own Talents, of her Power to please:—In Company, she never obtruded her Conversation;—she seemed to dislike Places of publick Amusement. I was convinced by all these rare, and unassuming Properties, that she was too sensible, and generous to be vain of her Accomplishments, and to despise those who had been less favoured than herself by Nature.

After I had payed but a few Visits to Mrs. Surrey, my Relation assured me, to
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the great Joy of my Heart, that if I was so fortunate as to gain Emilia's Consent, I would be preferred by her Mother, to all those who had solicited her Alliance. To merit and obtain her Consent was now the Object of all my Care, and of all my Endeavours. I studied, and adopted Emilia's Taste: *Her Will* was the Rule of mine. Her Behaviour to me was polite, affable, and attentive: She even distinguished me from others by her particular Civilities; but they were not so decisive as to give Security to a Heart which felt all the Force of the tender Passion. I waited; I hoped; I suffered; sometimes my *Indignation* rose, and subsided, in my solitary Hours: At length, I yielded to my Impatience; and I ventured to complain. One Day I took an Opportunity to acquaint her with my Pain; to tell her how much I was distressed by her Indifference, or Reserve. I intreated her to put an end to my Anxiety; to let me know my Destiny, which was in *her Power*.

She immediately assumed a Look of Surprise, and Disdain. She asked me, with the most insulting Irony, how she could possibly be interested to determine *my* Fate? Her Mother might encourage my Pretensions; but she had an independent Fortune, which enabled her to act without Controul. Her Heart, and her Hand were Objects not so trivial as to be obtained with Ease; they were to be the Reward of long Homage; of many ardent, and anxious Wishes; of a uniform Series of Obedience; of those repeated, and unparalleled Marks of Constancy that would warrant *that* Sacrifice of her Liberty, to which, one Day, she might possibly condescend.

Such Coldness, and such Vanity;—an Answer so insolent, and so romantick, discovered to me a Character very different from the Image which my Fancy had formed of Emilia. My first Determination was to renounce her for ever: But, alas! I was in Love. I was only mortified,

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tified, when I should have been disgusted,
with her Pride. My Efforts for Freedom
were vain. Though I was cruelly disap-
pointed, and humbled, I still submitted to
the Servitude of Love; and hoped that a
propitious Change in her Heart would re-
pay the Strength of my Attachment.
Emilia, sure of her Power, treated me
like a Slave that was too feeble to break
her Chain: She was, almost on every Oc-
casion, industrious to give me Pain; and
she enjoyed my Torment. For a Year I
acted a most despicable Part under the
inauspicious Reign of my haughty Mis-
tress: And I know not how I should have
been emancipated from her intolerable Em-
pire, if Chance had not shown me that I
was desperately in Love with an extrava-
gant, and ridiculous Fool.

One Evening, at Mrs. Surrey's, the
Story of the Amazons was the Subject of
Conversation. A new Poem, which the
Ladies had then just read, recalled the
Memory of those Heroines. Some of the

Men who were present, treated their History as fabulous; others maintained its Authenticity; invented humourous Anecdotes of that People, with extemporaneous Ingenuity; and told them with such Vivacity, and Politeness, that the Women, far from being offended, were highly entertained with those agreeable Fictions, the Spirit of which they encouraged by their Mirth, and Applause. Emily alone was incensed at the innocent Freedom; and interrupting the Circulation of Wit with an indignant Tone, she immediately changed our social Pleasure into the Vehemence of Disputation. She now judged of her whole Sex, from the high Opinion that she entertained of herself; she broke out into the most resentful, and extravagant Language;—expressed a most disdainful Contempt for the other Part of the Species;—insisted that Man was far the inferiour Being;—that Woman by being united to *Him*; by suffering him to regulate her Conduct (nay, if she did not keep him at the greatest Distance) was extremely degraded. Her Absurdity;

furdity; her Indelicacy; and her Virulence, shot a Ray of Light on my prejudiced Mind. I already felt an Abatement of my mistaken, of my sordid Passion. I had been silent the whole Evening. When the Company parted, I was asked by Emily why I did not join in the Conversation, and what I thought of the Dispute?—I think, Madam, replied I, that a modest Opinion of one's self; that Candour, Benevolence, and Generosity, are the most desirable, the most amiable, and estimable Qualities in both Sexes; and when it is determined which of the two Sexes is more evidently characterized with these excellent Endowments; to that Sex I shall instantaneously give the Pre-eminence. I retired without waiting for her Answer; and I was resolved never to see her more. As soon as I got home, I gave the necessary Orders for a Journey; and I set out for Scotland early the next Morning. Before my Departure, I wrote a Letter to Mrs. Surrey; in the Cover of which Letter I inclosed the following Card to Emilia.

“ Neither Wit, nor external Charms,
 “ and Graces, can atone for the Want of
 “ respectable Understanding; of gentle,
 “ and generous Sensibility;—for *they*
 “ only can make Love rational, and last-
 “ ing. I know not whether your Sex was
 “ formed to rule ours: I dispute not the
 “ female Advantages:—I shall only now
 “ exert *those* which I have received from
 “ Heaven, for my own Good:—For by
 “ *your* Beauty I have been, hitherto,
 “ charmed into an Oblivion of my Duty
 “ to myself. If Man cannot boast the
 “ powerful Attractions which *you* possess,
 “ Nature hath endowed him with Force
 “ of Mind. By exercising over your Cap-
 “ tive a most inhuman Despotism, you
 “ have warned me to play that Force of
 “ Mind against *your* Tyranny, and against
 “ the Susceptibility of my own Heart. I
 “ have maintained the Conflict, Madam;
 “ I have gained the Victory;—and, I
 “ doubt not, you will be pleased when I
 “ declare, that I no longer aspire to the
 “ Honour of devoting my Life to You.”

When

When Emilia received my Card, I was already far from London; therefore I cannot inform you, whether, on reading its Contents, she felt Grief, or Joy. Six Months after my Departure, she was attacked with that destructive Malady, which is often fatal to Life, but oftner fatal to Beauty. A purple Fever joined its Rage, and made her Crisis most alarming. She recovered, however; but the unmerciful Distemper spoiled her of that Beauty which had been the Cause of her excessive Vanity. She had not Fortitude to support the Loss of all that gave her Consequence. Her severe, and inconsolable Grief brought on a Melancholy, and Languor, which were succeeded by a Consumption that put a Period to her Life. At the News of so cruel a Fate, my Heart melted with all its former Tenderness: I lamented the Death of Emilia: I forgot the Pain which I had suffered from her Pride: My Fancy painted anew, her Wit, and her Beauty; it was my melancholy Pleasure to form their interesting Image:

I dwelt so intently on her Memory that it fixed a dangerous Gloom on my Mind. At that alarming Juncture you had just returned from London ; and you sent me a pressing Invitation to join you at Bath.

Perhaps my Narrative has been too minute, and heavy. The Feelings which now actuate my Heart render the Time that is past, present and palpable to my Mind. Why did I suffer myself to be affected by an Object from whom I have Reason again to dread the Disdain, and the Tyranny of Beauty ! Why was I not guarded against the captivating Graces ; against the dangerous Power of a Woman accustomed to Attention ; to Assiduity ; to Adoration ;—to all the Triumphs that await conspicuous Charms ! Good God ! when I reflect on all my Sufferings, on all my Agonies, I tremble at the Thought of returning to London ! For Heaven's Sake, my dear Friend, if you value my Peace, rather advise me to compose and fortify my Mind in rural Retirement, than recall me to the
Metro-

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Metropolis ! For Nothing but Mortification, and Misery attend me *there* !

The Pleasure of seeing you once more, and of enjoying your Conversation ; and the polite, easy, and agreeable Society of Bath, were gradually restoring me to Tranquillity ; when, unfortunately, the Arrival of Lady Laurence, and the remarkable Preference with which I was honoured by her, awoke again, in my too susceptible Soul, the Flame, and the Agitations of Love.

You and I were alike deceived by that artful, and perfidious Woman. You were prejudiced in her Favour : Hence you endeavoured to convince me of the Sincerity of a fictitious Passion. How could we indeed have suspected her base Intrigues ? Happily they were discovered just when I was going to form an ignominious, and indissoluble Connexion : When they rise in my Memory, I am yet astonished at her Falsehood, and Intrepidity. My Contempt,

and Detestation of her Manners, which were but too well grounded, soon eradicated from my Heart all the Effects of her Charms: But shall I own to you the unaccountable Caprice of my Nature, or rather of my seduced Imagination?—While I despised Lady Laurence, I regretted the transporting Hours, the rapturous Ideas I had enjoyed in her Society. She was the first Woman, apparently amiable, who had professed to me all the Tendernefs of Love; the warmest Desire to be mine. The Remembrance of her affecting Language, and of her more pathetick Tears, kept alive, in my Soul, an active Sensibility, a certain undefinable Ardour to please, and to be loved! While my Mind was in this restless, and inflammable Situation, I caught a Passion far more genuine, more strong, and more painful, than all the Effects of Love which I had experienced before.

An uncommon Benevolence, and Respect, which perhaps resulted merely from Friendship; great Complaisance, and Attention;

tention; a Desire, on all Occasions, to contribute to my Amusement, I unfortunately misconstrued into a particular, and tender Sentiment. This Deception was promoted by the most eloquent Eyes that ever exceeded the Force of Language. The whole Strain of her Behaviour showed a Desire to please, and to attach my Heart. Nature seemed to have endowed her with an exquisite Sensibility; and that Sensibility seemed warmly affected in my Favour. Was I misled by my Vanity?—Was I deceived?—Yes, I was deceived.—Time has convinced me of my Errour.

Restrained by a Concurrence of embarrassing Circumstances;—under an absolute Necessity of concealing my Sentiments; the stronger my Passion grew, the more I feared its Consequences. Equity then obliged me to be silent with Regard to myself—to revere the Rights of another. In this perplexing Situation, I thought, as you did, at Oxford; that I could only avoid my Danger by Flight. I took your Advice: I

left my Country; my Friends; and the Object that of all others was the dearest to my Heart. The Sacrifice was great; but it has not yet restored me to my Tranquility—to my Reason.

Since I came to Paris, the Obstacle that thwarted my Wishes hath ceased to exist. I am now entitled to speak: But the fond Hope that I was loved, hath vanished! I have been neglected, tormented, treated with Contempt. Industry hath been used to give me Pain, to fire me with Jealousy;—no Confidence hath been shewn me;—no Friendship.—On the Contrary, the Instability, and the Coldness which I have seen, and felt from that Quarter;—an alarming Selfishness;—a Want of common Civility;—a total Disregard, in various Instances, to *my* Approbation; all this ungenerous Treatment convinces me that *my* Esteem is not of the lowest Value.—In short, they have so rudely driven me back to the Multitude;—they have so evidently ranked me, by their Behaviour, with the

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Insignificant, or the Base; that the more I think on our Connexion, the more strongly I infer, that by Preference, and distinguishing Marks of Regard which they shewed me, they only meant one Day, to laugh at my Credulity, or to rail at my Presumption.

Exactly with this Paragraph ends *The History of my Heart*. I cannot think that my Memoirs will be of any Service to you in digesting the Treaty which now engages your Attention. But they will prove to you, that it is not in the Power of Fortune to make me forget my Friends. While I live I must remember what I have suffered from Emilia;—and it shall be my future Care to guard my Liberty, and my Peace, from female Dominion. No Object bears a perfect Resemblance to another; but by a strange Similarity of Circumstances, I am often forced to make an alarming Comparison. Adieu. Do not again desire me to repass the Strait. Encourage me rather to
keep

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keep at a Distance from *you*, and from some other Objects in London;—which Privation, if I continue to endure, believe me, it will be the severest Trial that Philosophy can undergo!

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

LORD RIVERS TO SIR CHARLES
CARDIGAN.

WHEN you wrote to me last, Charles, you were certainly out of Temper. It must not have been the best Humour that prompted you to refer to one of my Letters, only to censure me for preferring the Age in which I live to Times when I was not yet called into Being; the Men whom I see, and know, to those of whom I read, and hear.—And why would you make Sir Maurice my Enemy, by imprudently communicating my Sentiments to *Him*? If he is offended at my Opinions, I am very sorry. I respect his Age; I esteem his ingenuous, and open Mind; I have but little Regard for his Austerity, and none for his Talents.—Therefore you must give me Leave to rely more on my own Reason, than on *his* partial

tial Experience. Sir Maurice hath seen four Generations: And he hath seen them grow abominably perverse, and corrupt.—They successively sunk beneath each other in Degeneracy.—And can *you* gravely assent to this Prejudice? Can you write a serious Dissertation on this Dotage?

Might we not, my Friend, more justly suppose a Revolution in the Ideas of your great Uncle, than this extreme Depravity in his Cotemporaries? Is it not more probable that the Tone of his Mind is changed, than that all Men are pusillanimous, and licentious? If I see a Traveller stumble, at almost every Step, on a Road, in which others, and myself walk without any Impediment, shall I think it rough, and unpassable?

Believe me, my Friend, during the Course of a long Life, our Desires, and our Passions are the changeable Objects. The World; I mean, Mankind, and other external Objects, are the same; but from our
pre-

predominant Disposition of Mind, while we survey them, they derive a temporary Complexion, and Aspect. We determine their Character as they are reflected on our present Sentiments :—We forget our past Affections ; and we do not anticipate those that we shall feel in a Lapse of Time.

As we feel before we think, so we enjoy before we estimate. When we first go abroad into the World, we look around with Curiosity, and Pleasure ; and we admire before we examine. The Charm of Novelty makes every Thing enchanting to Youth : For the Solace of that gay Season of Life, Nature seems to be displayed, animated, and adorned. Every Object *then* flatters ; every Object *then* interests our Self-Love. The Vivacity of the Senses ; the active Emotion of the Passions ; the powerful Attraction of Pleasure, multiply our Desires, and our Enjoyments. One Pleasure enjoyed promises a greater ! What an Elysian World is presented to our
View !

View! What various and transporting Delights it yields to its Inhabitants!

By Degrees, we are not satisfied with real and immediate Pleasure: The Meteors of Imagination lead us astray from Truth; we are seduced, and dazzled by the Splendour of brilliant Chimeras. The Image of future Bliss weakens the Happiness that we feel. We are agitated by Interest, and Ambition; thoughtless Joy is succeeded by corroding Care; Anxiety, and Tumult of Mind are substituted for pleasurable Sensations. Avarice, and Pride continually expose the Soul to painful, and violent Paroxysms. We wish, we hope, we fear. Sometimes we are successful; we are often unfortunate. At length we find that Good is blended with Evil. The World has lost its vivid Hue; but it is yet tolerable. As, in the Series of our Life, adverse or propitious Events are more numerous, we form, and inculcate our Opinion of the World. Thus, by a Calculation, which is relative merely to ourselves,

selves, we decide on the Merit of Men, and Ages. If the Sum of our Pains exceeds that of our Pleasures, either the World was always evil; or it is greatly corrupted since we were born. And if we are provoked by any cross, but common Accident, we say with Sir Maurice, "This Age is the Refuse of Ages."

I wish that your Letters contained more Friendship than Exertion of Mind; more amicable Confidence than Philosophy. By adopting different Systems at different Times, you oblige me to combat your Opinions. If you payed less Veneration to the Sentiments of others, and independently expressed your own, I believe your Ideas and mine would assimilate. Adieu. My Lady Orrery, I suppose, is now in London. I congratulate you on the Return of so affectionate a Sister, and so agreeable a Companion.

L E T.

LETTER XLIV.

LADY CARDIGAN TO LORD RIVERS.

MY Aunt, who is gone into the Country, desired me to examine, and to thank you for her Books. The former Part of her Commission supercedes the latter. I have given them a pretty accurate Attention; and I think, the thirty Guineas were very ill expended by your Man of Taste. Are you sure that they were chosen by *Him*? If those Productions please at Paris, the French must have lost all Taste for that elegant, and noble Simplicity, which is the true Characteristick of their Language. Perspicuity, Justness, Precision, and a manly Eloquence, distinguished those Authors whom my Mother, who was educated in France, brought over to England, and taught me to admire. How different are the Books you have sent us, from *Them*!

These

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 213

These *well-chosen* Novelties abound with an affected Style;—with a Labour to be nervous, but without Success;—with unnatural Transpositions; and with empty Phrases, composed of swelling Words. They give us much frivolous Inquiry, little Truth, and less Energy: They are continually sacrificing Reason to quaint, and puerile Conceit; and Sentiment to Declamation.

I have been, for some Time, disgusted with our sentimental Novels. Their Aim is to move, to affect; to draw Sighs, and Tears from the Reader; to excite the most violent Emotions, their Authors invent a Multiplicity of terrible Disasters, with which they press, they overwhelm their unfortunate Hero; but after all their Efforts to interest, and engage the Heart, they displease, and fatigue.

But what will, I believe, determine *me* never to read more, is that wild Enthusiasm which is common to Writers on every Subject;

ject; that unbounded Ardour, that Rage for Virtue; those romantick Transports that approach to Insanity. Those unmeaning Authors cannot write ten Lines without insignificant Exclamations—*Oh! Humanity!—Oh! Benevolence!—Oh! Virtue!*—These magnificent Words have no Tendency to impress moral Principles on our Minds: They are so often repeated, and profaned;—they are enounced by such inconsistent, and uninteresting Characters, that instead of elevating our Minds to a Veneration of Virtue, they awake not in us the least Desire to obey her Laws. Nay, they make us almost as sick of moral Sentiment as we are of the undistinguishing, and stupid Authour by whom it is misapplied, and degraded.

Yesterday I had the Patience to read a most absurd Play, whose Authour meant to represent Titus in his principal, but vulgar Character, which resembled that Emperour, as a Rat is like an Elephant. When I had finished this execrable Piece, I was so provoked

voked at *sensible Minds, benevolent Beings,* and *heroic Citizens*, that I verily believe, if any one, at that Moment, had praised my Virtues, I should have insisted upon immediate Reparation of Honour for the Insult.

No—I am certain that the Lover of Miss Rutland is not your Friend. I have a very poor Opinion of him, but it is not my Esteem that he needs to regard. Your Memory often fails you, my dear Friend; and sometimes your acute, and comprehensive Judgement. You say, you will give your Consent. Pray, tell me by whom it is desired. Have I not assured you that it should never be asked?

I really think, my dear Cousin, we are too old to play any longer at *Hide and Seek*. For a long Time Miss Rutland has concealed herself; *you* have been endeavouring to find her; and *I* have often quickened, and embarrassed your Attention by ambiguous Signs. I am quite tired with the Sameness, and Puerility of this Amusement;

216 LETTERS FROM LORD RIVERS

ment; and I now inform you once for all, that I am out of the Play.

Lady Orrery is, at length, restored to us. Her Return gave Sir Charles the highest Pleasure: And I shed Tears of Joy when I embraced my charming Sister. Adieu!—I give an Entertainment this Evening on *her* Account; and therefore I must here end my Letter.

LET.

L E T T E R XLV.

LADY ORRERY TO LORD RIVERS.

I Received your Letter on my Arrival in London; and I thank you for a Favour of which I shall not make an improper Use. Believe me, my Friend, I am interested in all that affects your Heart. I wish to see you again; and I most ardently wish to see you happy. But before I propose to you the Means of your Happiness, I must discharge an Arbitration which I have undertaken between two refractory and obstinate grown Children, who have ingeniously provoked each other, and quarrelled, without Cause, and without Interview; and who seem to have determined to avoid every Explanation, lest they should be obliged to own that all their Contest, and Petulance have originated from nothing.

The one Party entertains unreasonable Suspicions; the other as groundless Fears; both are extremely capricious. And here am I, perplexed with contradictory Stories; with Misconstructions; with absolute Confusion:—admitting one Complaint, rejecting another; stupified with inquiring into the Merits of the Cause, and unable to decide;—often threatening to drop all Attention to the Process.—Yet if it was possible, I would fain settle this important Affair. With *your* Assistance, much may be effected. Here are the Facts:—The Means of bringing them to a happy Termination are with *you*.

A very pretty Girl, about twelve Years of Age, by what Event I know not, was put under the Protection of a young Nobleman who was in his twenty-second Year. He was the finest, and most accomplished young Man; she was the most charming Creature in England. They were in Love with each other, perhaps you are going to say; they married; they

no longer love one another; they wish to separate.—By no Means; they did not even see one another. The young Guardian went abroad; his Ward lived with a Lady who had Connexions at Court, and who, consequently, resided in London: She grew tall; her Charms were soon greatly improved: Her agreeable Talents became conspicuous; and she acquired useful and respectable Knowledge. Polite Instructors taught her the Art to please; from her own humane, and ingenuous Disposition she learned the Art to oblige. Every Year gave Embellishment to her Beauty, and her Graces, and brought around her a Crowd of Admirers. She heard many, and high Encomiums on her Person and her Mind. But at an Age, when the Credulity of Self-Love is in its Extreme, she could distinguish between Praise, and Adulation;—she could merit the one, and despise the other; she could set a just Value on her real Advantages; on her natural Endowments, and on the Favours of Fortune:—and she

was proof, at that Age, against the Intoxication of Flattery, and the more dangerous Allurements of Love.

When you have got thus far, in my Description, you will begin to think that my Heroine is a perfect Being. Some rigid Criticks make the following Additions to the Picture. They might tell you, that though she is not a Coquette, she has her Vanity, and her Pride; that she is fond of Raillery to an extravagant Degree; that though she loves not Mankind, she is of a very social Disposition; and that she is grateful, and generous to her Friends; but cruel, and tyrannical to her Lovers.

“ Never speak favourably of her more,
 “ (methinks you here exclaim) an insens-
 “ sible, a barbarous Woman is a Monster,
 “ in my Opinion.”—But do not pronounce precipitately: She by no Means deserves that Character. They who give it her, are not acquainted with her Disposition ;

fiction; they have not penetrated the Veil which is drawn between *them*, and *her Heart*. A generous Friend was desirous to show that excellent Heart; she attempted to raise the invidious Veil:—The Cries of the mysterious Fair-one checked her ingenuous Hand. But *I*, who am by Nature enterprizing, and less complaisant to Caprice, am determined to remove this cruel Interposition, which withholds Happiness, by concealing Truth, and Virtue.

Am not I very prolix? I am filling my Paper fast; but I make no Progress in my Narrative. But I was commissioned to say as much as I pleased, provided I did not *inform*. Therefore, my dear Friend, indulge me with your Patience.

The charming Orphan was in her eighteenth Year, when the young Nobleman, who had been appointed her Guardian, returned to London. He often visited his Ward, who soon gained his

Esteem, and Friendship;—he showed her the most polite, and delicate Attention; he was, on all Occasions, desirous of contributing to her Happiness; he was industrious to oblige her; but he had not the least Intention to attract her Affections. His Heart was already captivated by the Charms of a less amiable Object; yet he was not insensible to those of his Ward;—but he admired them without more strongly feeling their Power.

The young Lady did not survey the personal Graces, and the nobler Accomplishments of her new Friend with the same pure, and *painless* Pleasure. She preferred his Conversation to all other Entertainments; the mere Sight of *him* to all earthly Pleasures; his most transient, and superficial Compliment to the Warmth of Love; to the ardent Homage which was every Day payed to her Beauty. This Guardian, though he had been long out of England, and though his Mind was agitated, while he was abroad, with many
Cares,

Cares, and Anxieties, had been very attentive to her Interest. Her Fortune was now considerably augmented; she knew it; she was happy to reflect that she owed it's Augmentation to his Zeal for her Welfare: She was happy to be dependent on *him*. What Charms did she find in his Friendship! How transporting was it's Idea to her Imagination! Alas! her Experience too soon convinced her that Sensibility is the Source of many painful Emotions, of the most excruciating Agonies;—that it often embitters with Distress, and Torment, an innocent, a virtuous, a delightful Connexion.

An Event was approaching; with that Event she was unacquainted: It was told her; she saw that it must take Place; her Surprise, her Confusion, her Grief, were inexpressible. She wept—she gave Way to the tenderest Emotions of Sorrow—she wondered whence her Affliction arose;—she repeatedly asked of herself it's

L 4

Cause;

Cause;—she could make no distinct Reply;—she was again overwhelmed with Grief. Her painful Sentiments were, at length, moderated by a generous Reflexion. The Happiness of her Guardian would be the Consequence of that Event which occasioned all her Grief. She now reproached herself for her selfish, for her envious Fears. Should the Idea of *his* Felicity spread a Gloom over *her* Mind? Was it not unaccountable that *She* should weep because *He* was happy?—Could not she participate the Joy of so dear a Friend? Would she lose the Pleasure of seeing him, by this Event?—would she be deprived of his Company?—On the contrary, she would live in his House; she would live *with* him. A Shade of Melancholy tinged this bright, and consoling Idea:—But the more it occupied her Mind, the more sensibly she felt, that whatever would promote the Happiness of her amiable Friend, would augment her own.

Peace!

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 225

Peace!—hold your Tongue!—Though I am at this Distance from you, I see your Colour come, and go;—I see your ardent, and impatient Look;—you are eager to interrupt me;—you cry out,—“How;—what;—what is it you say?—“and did she really loves this Guardian?” Did She *love* Him! For Shame, my Lord!—How can you make the Supposition?—Can you imagine that a young Lady of a virtuous, and a noble Mind, will be in Love, before she has inspired with Passion the Man who is the Object of her peculiar Esteem; before he has made Love to *her*?—But if I admit that she is in Love with this Man, will Decorum permit her to own it?—Will it even permit her to let her Love be suspected? And would it become *me* to discover that Love?—Read, and interpret, as I write. Let not your Sagacity shoot too far:—Be not misled by your Self-Love. My Prudence, without Doubt, would be highly applauded, if I authorized you to believe all that your Imagination might feign.

The

The fair Friend of this young Nobleman had resolved to conceal, in the innermost Recess of her Heart, that sincere, and warm Affection, which was not at all impaired by her Sorrows. She assumed, and supported that Appearance of Ease, and Satisfaction which were due to the Dignity of her Character. She was, however, so sensibly affected by an unfortunate, and striking Mark of his Indifference, that it renewed all that Agitation, and Violence of Grief, which, she flattered herself, had subsided for ever.

My Lord was over-persuaded to give his Sanction to the Suit of a Lover, with whose Addresses she was already disgusted. This Lover he recommended to her as a Friend for whom he had the highest Esteem. He desired, he intreated her to be propitious to his Passion. Astonished, wounded, exasperated by his Mediation, in her first Ardour of Resentment, she wished to comply with his Request; and she thought the Compliance practicable.

Transported

Transported with Indignation, she precipitately assented to a kind of Engagement;—she promised—she refused—she gave Hope—she took it away—she required Time to deliberate;—she knew not what she did, nor what she said—she knew not her Intentions, nor her Wishes. Her Embarrassment, which was interpreted into Consent, occasioned Her many Reproaches; a long Persecution; and all the Chagrin that we feel from the Perseverance of an importunate, and disagreeable Lover.

An unexpected Change produced as great Effects in *her* Heart, as in that of her Guardian. A certain Contract was annihilated before it was matured. An evil Genius, while it unveiled horrible Mysteries, dissipated the Charms of a pleasing Illusion. The Aspect of Things was totally changed. They who were to have been united, separated for ever. My Lord, astonished, exasperated, and ashamed of an Errour by which he had been
long

long deceived, fled from the Town. He retired to a beautiful Country-seat, where his Ward then resided. When she saw the Agitation of Mind which her Friend suffered, she forgot her own Distress. She lamented his cruel Fortune; she sympathized with all the Tumult, with every Movement of his Heart; she used her utmost Endeavours to give him Consolation, and to divert his Attention from it's painful Object. His Melancholy wore off by Degrees; the Remembrance of his Disappointment no longer discomposed his Tranquillity.

The amiable Girl thought that his Eyes were animated with all the Eloquence of Gratitude. In those Mirrours of his Soul, she sometimes saw Inquietude; often, Pleasure; always, the most emphatical Expression. Her tender Emotions arose again in her Breast. Hope actuated, and brightened her Soul with the elegant, and refined Pleasures of her former Friendship. She indulged her Imagination in revolving,
and

and anticipating those Pleasures. Her Situation was yet happier by the Absence of her obstinate, and disagreeable Lover. She now thought she should obtain the Object of her utmost Wish; of her best Ambition: Every Thing announced it's Possession; when her Friend, the Friend who was so dear to her, like a Man who had lost his Reason, parted from her abruptly; left England; and by his precipitate Flight deprived the most amiable of Women of her Hope; of her Peace; of her supreme Felicity.

So strange a Conduct shocked her ingenuous Soul. But her Feelings on this Occasion, were not the tender Sentiments which are expressed by Sighs, and Tears. The Ingratitude of her Lover excited her Indignation against the whole Sex: She spurned a Set of Wretches who were incapable of generous Attachment; and vowed a perpetual Hatred of them all. She became a very Fury; ridiculed, and insulted all her Lovers; banished them
from

from her Presence; and drove them to Despair. He whom her Guardian had recommended to her good Graces, payed dear for the Zeal of his noble Patron; for he was the principal Object of her Resentment. Her Friends were surprized at the Change of her Temper; they remonstrated with her on that Change; but all their Arguments could not moderate her Chagrin. Her Charms improve every Day. She is every Day more followed, and more adored: But she still avenges herself implacably—no Matter on whom. Her Guardian has, of late, interfered, and censured her Conduct; but she is rather irritated, than appeased by his Admonitions. She is refractory to all Persuasion; she is quite inexorable. She knows that this Guardian is in Love: And she is often told that he is in Love with *her*. But she will give no Credit to the Assertion. She insists that his Heart is engaged by another Object; and she solemnly declares that she will never write to him, speak to him, or see him, more.

TO SIR CHARLES CARDIGAN, &c. 231

Do you ask me what her Guardian does?

—Quite the Reverse of what he ought.
He is restless; peevish; jealous; irresolute.
He keeps in a Corner, at a Distance, like
a frightened School-Boy, whom his Master
calls, after he has committed a grievous
Fault. “I will not come,” he cries; “I
“ am afraid.”

Compare—examine—weigh—judge—
come—speak—and—determine.

L E T T E R XLVI.

LADY ORRERY TO LADY ORMOND.

“ I Must prevail with Miss Rutland to
“ make you a Visit; or I must bring
“ her myself.” You certainly chuse a
very seasonable Time to invite her into the
Country. She will be married in eight
Days. You lift up your Hands: You
cry, Good God, is it possible: You hardly
give Credit to my Information. You ask
me to whom?—Conjecture.—But you shall
not guess, puzzle yourself, and mistake
the Person, after all. She is to marry the
Friend of your Heart; the Relation of
whom you often speak, with such Affec-
tion, and Esteem;—in whose Accomplish-
ments, and Virtues you glory.—She is to
marry the noblest of human Beings; the
most amiable of Men.—“ What! is
“ it?” Yes, my Friend; it is my
Lord Rivers.—“ But he is in France.”—

No;

No; he is in London.—“ But he did not “ love Miss Rutland.”—He *did*, I assure you.—“ But she had no Thoughts of “ *Him* ?”—You are extremely mistaken: He was in all her Thoughts.—“ But give “ me a full Account of this Affair.”— I will give you no Account; come hither, and you will know all the Particulars. You will here be told that your favourite Niece, whose Wit, and Ingenuity you class among the Wonders of the World, was not able, after all her Projects, and Endeavours for a Year, to effect the Meeting of two Lovers, who were formed for each other. I am sorry to humble my Sister-in-law: But however highly her Talents may be rated by you, and my Brother, she must now acknowledge my superior Dexterity. What refined Schemes did she lay; what elaborate Eloquence did she exert, to prevail with her Cousin to return to England! I, who am destitute of Genius, and of Art, said simply, and frankly, *Come*;—and behold, he is here. Gratitude, and Love lent him

Wings;—they have restored him to his Country; to his Mistress; to my Brother; and to *me*, who ardently wished to see him once more.

My Lord Rivers is transported, Miss Rutland, charmed; Sir Charles is in a Reverie of Pleasure:—Lady Cardigan is almost mad with Joy. *My Happiness* is of a gentle, but Heart-felt Nature. The two Lovers embrace me by Turns;—they press me to their Hearts;—they shed Tears of unutterable Expression; and add, in tremulous Accents, that *they owe their inestimable Felicity to ME!*

An Express is just dispatched to Lady Lesley. One, in a Moment, will be sent you from me.—Come quickly, my dear Lady Ormond;—come, to bless my amiable Rivers; his fair Bride; and to complete, by *your* Presence, at this happy Crisis, the Joy of all your Friends!

F I N I S.

